

# Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

**"DAILY MIRROR" DAY  
ADMIT ONE**  
To the CRYSTAL PALACE.  
Cut this out and present it  
at any of the Palace turnstiles.  
**GOOD THIS DAY ONLY.**

**COUPON.**  
Saturday,  
SEPT. 23rd,  
1905.

No. 591.

Registered at the G. P. O.  
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

## CRYSTAL PALACE FREE TO-DAY.



Thursday the Crystal Palace was free to *Daily Mirror* readers, and 56,000 people were present; yesterday the number was far greater; and to-day, which is the climax of this great three days' invitation, we trust there will be more visitors than ever before. At 2.30 this huge balloon will make an ascent.

## LADY WILLIAMS WYNN



Lady Williams Wynn, who has just died, twenty years after her husband, the sixth baronet, at her Denbighshire home.

## LAST FREE DAY.



If you go to the Crystal Palace to-day it will cost you nothing, and you will spend one of the pleasantest days of your life. There will not be one dull moment. The photograph shows a few of the people who were there yesterday.

## THE WATT CASE YESTERDAY.



Snapshot of Mr. Hugh Watt, with his back turned, outside Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday. On the right is Thomas Worley, the newspaper seller, who states that he received £200 from Mr. Watt.



## "A FACTORY IN A GARDEN."

By ALFRED HURRY.

Factories are usually found in slums, not in gardens. Messrs. Cadbury's cocoa factory at

is a little room with easy chairs and a couch where she can recuperate. There is a fully-qualified doctor and a dentist in the factory who attend the employees free. And all in Messrs. Cadbury's working time—not in the patients' leisure!

There is a huge dining-hall where 2,000 of the girls can dine daily for an almost nominal price. Three-halfpence for a plate of good-meat is not dear, is it?

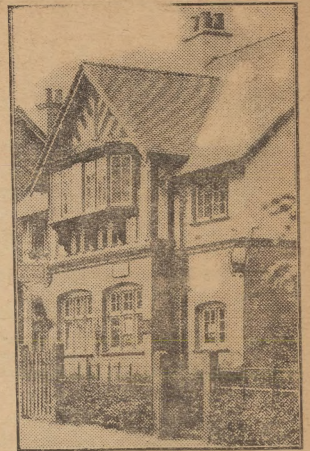
corps, a fire brigade, a ramblers' club, a free sick fund, and a savings bank. Every year Messrs. Cadbury add 4 per cent. to the accounts in the bank, and they are transferred to the Post Office Savings bank. There are recreation rooms, cookery classes, needlework classes, technical schools, an orchestral society, a library, and a magazine, written, illustrated, and printed by the staff, and better than some professional magazines which shall be nameless.

### EMPLOYEES' PROSPECTS.

When a lad enters Messrs. Cadbury's employ he is there for life unless he misbehaves. The girls have to leave when they marry. Every Wednesday morning Mr. George Cadbury, the chairman holds a levée of prospective brides. (There were ten on the Wednesday of my visit.) He calls each into his room, gives her friendly advice, such as a father might give, a Bible, and a wedding present in cash proportioned to her length of service.

### ENTRY BY EXAMINATION.

There is keen competition to get into the factory. Candidates have to pass a stiff exam., both as to character and physical health. Most of the workers are drawn from a radius of three miles round. Many of the employees live in the model village of Bournville. A few years back Mr. George Cadbury gave the village to a public trust, the income of which is devoted to furthering the movement to improve the suburbs of great towns by



Village Post Office.



The Firm's Offices.

Bournville is a glorious exception. Literally it stands "all in a garden fair." Around it spreads the green landscape of fair Worcestershire, with the blue Lickey Hills in the distance. Most of the landscape within rifle-shot of the factory belongs to Messrs. Cadbury. They have turned it into one great garden, in which the factory is almost hidden.

### GARDEN AND GYMNASIUMS.

Mainly the garden is for the use and recreation of their work-folk. In all this toiling world no other work-folk are so well looked after as these four thousand hands making cocoa and chocolate in Arcady. Messrs. Cadbury have given them everything that man or woman can desire to make them happy. Hear, and envy.

For the 1,600 men and boys there are in this garden two gymnasiums, a cricket field, and a pavilion of county-ground proportions, two football fields, a fishing pool, and an open-air swimming bath 100ft. long. The heads of the firm sometimes take a dip in this bath, "just as if they were ourselves," says an employee.

For the 2,400 girls there are, among other things, a gymnasium, a swimming bath, and twelve acres of ground, where they play cricket and hockey and tennis.

The boys and the younger girls have to attend the gymnasium, and the boys have to learn to swim—all in the firm's time. Swimming is optional with the girls, but their bath is usually well-filled with budding Kellersmanns.

### CARE OF WORK-FOLK.

The children of the village have playing grounds to themselves, and aids to amusement ranging from parallel bars to a see-saw.

And the work-folk are cared for as well in their working hours as in their leisure. Each girl has a little linoleum mat all to herself to keep her feet off the cold concrete floor. Her chair contains an ingenious cupboard where in winter she puts her wet snowshoes. The firm give these shoes to the younger girls. The elder girls have them at less than cost



Men's Pavilion and Recreation Ground. The building includes a gymnasium 60ft. long, kitchen, luncheon-room, and shower baths.

At a fruit counter in the corner they buy at less than wholesale prices more fruit every day than is sold in the biggest shop in any large city. There is an organ in the hall, and concerts and entertainments are given in it during the winter, all free.

### FEAT OF LIGHTNING DRESSING.

Beneath the hall is the girls' cloakroom. On 2,400 pegs hang 2,400 hats and jackets. The 2,400 wearers robe or disrobe in a quarter of an hour from the first girl entering the room to the last one leaving it. This is probably the greatest feat of lightning dressing the feminine world can show. At work the forewomen are dressed in blue gowns with white collars and cuffs, the other girls in snowy robes which make them look as if they were going up to receive their prizes. Some are very pretty—but perhaps that is irrelevant. All are bonny and cheerful.

I began taking note of all that is done in this extraordinary factory for the welfare and happiness of its people, but gave up. It was like trying

substituting cottages with gardens for monotonous rows of houses. Half Bournville is now occupied by tenants unconnected with cocoa-making.

Messrs. Cadbury's factory is not merely a place where cocoa and chocolate is made. It is an object-lesson to the world—a sermon in bricks. A human being is the finest engine in the world, say Messrs. Cadbury. The better it is looked after the better work it will give. All through their great factory is never a hint of driving, but their four thousand employees give them good and loyal work such as no sweater could exact. The workers are encouraged to use their brains as well as their hands. Every half-year the firm distribute £80 in prizes for the best suggestions from their employees.

### THE ALMSHOUSES.

Would there were more such factories in gardens and fewer factories in slums. The world's toilers would be happier, and the world's employers would not be poorer. Here is a significant fact. In the factory garden there are some pretty almshouses founded by the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, with accommodation for sixty old people. Employees of the factory have the first right to admission, but there are only two such ex-employees in these almshouses. Which seems to show that if you treat your worker fairly and wisely during his working years he will not become a burden on the community in his old age.



One of three cycle-houses for the free storage of 300 machines during work.



## WHY THE GERMANS WERE DEFEATED.

Officers Accused of Cowardice and Lack of Foresight.

## ANXIETY FOR NEWS.

Uneasiness Due to Fear That Officials May Conceal Defeats.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—An ominous silence is preserved here with regard to the movements of General von Trotha's forces in South-West Africa. There is a growing anxiety and impatience among the people, many of whom are beginning to think that bad news has been received and is being withheld.

The situation was a little relieved to-day by favourable news from German East Africa, where Captain Merker is reported to have defeated the natives and inflicted heavy losses upon them in a series of engagements between September 7 and 15.

But news from South-West Africa is impatiently demanded. The people are exasperated by the continued loss of lives and money. The growing feeling is voiced by Herr Liebermann von Sonnenhal, the notorious Anglophobe reactionary and Anti-Semite member of the Reichstag, who is loud in his disapproval of the Kaiser's colonial policy.

### PRICE OF THIRTEEN BATTLESHIPS.

"This war has already cost us the price of thirteen battleships," he said in an interview; "the country we are fighting for is worthless. We are again serving British ends instead of our own."

The failure of the German fighting machine to quell this rising is the more galling, as, ever since the big wars of the last century the Teutonic nation has looked upon itself as invincible, and indulged in contemptuous remarks about the Colonial wars of other countries, more especially those waged by Great Britain.

In the German newspapers one reads much of the successes of the Kaiser's troops; their more frequent defeats, however, are passed over lightly, and only the letters sent home to relatives and friends by the men who are actually doing the fighting give any adequate account of what is really happening in South-West Africa.

### OFFICERS CHARGED WITH COWARDICE.

Thus Non-Commissioned Officer Fuchs, writing home to his friends in Oppeln, a small town near Breslau, in the province of Silesia, charges his officers with cowardice, brutality, and lack of foresight.

"Everytime we meet the Hereros," he writes, "they either escape us or we get beaten. Our officers fight according to the text-books, which are of no use in a Colonial war, and when the savages refuse to act according to the rules, everything goes wrong, and we privates and 'non-coms' have to suffer for it. Our Major's temper gets daily worse, and instead of letting his spleen loose on the enemy, he punishes his own men, who are not so well able to defend themselves. However, we will soon make an end of him; when an officer becomes troublesome he is usually shot in the next action—not always by the Hereros."

Again, Private Wolfers, in a letter which has been published in the "Franconian Courier," says: "The chief of our column has an excellent plan. He will drive a body of the enemy over the border into British territory and then complain to everyone who will listen that the English are helping the rebels, and that, therefore, it is no wonder that we cannot kill or capture them."

### SHOOTING ALL PRISONERS.

"Our prisoners we shoot, so that all may know how mighty is the power of our Kaiser. The Hereros have now begun to do the same, so that God help any of us who fall into their hands."

"The whole rebellion has been the work of the brutal officialdom that represents the German Government here. The stupid representatives of our Colonial Office treated the natives as though they were dogs, and now we poor devils will have to pay for it."

Many more letters of a similar character have been received throughout Germany, and, wherever possible, their contents have been suppressed. In one it was actually stated that a captured rebel chief was bound to a machine-gun, which was then fired off with the victim writhing at its muzzle, and revenge for this brutal act many German prisoners have been first tortured and then horribly mutilated. Even women and children have not escaped.

One German soldier, a Pole, named Horwitz, after being wounded by one of his own officers, whom he had challenged while on sentry-go, put his bayonet through the half-drunken lieutenant's eye, and is now fighting on the rebel side against his own fellow-countrymen.

## LAST DAY AT THE PALACE.

Thirteen Hours of Pleasure Free to All the 351,000 Readers of the "Daily Mirror."

## CUT OUT THE COUPON ON PAGE 1.

To-day is the day—the last and most entertaining of the *Daily Mirror* gala days.

To-day, by cutting the coupon from the *Daily Mirror* you can obtain admittance to the Crystal Palace and enjoy thirteen hours of continuous amusement for nothing.

The many thousands of our readers who have enjoyed the special attractions provided for them during the last two days went away delighted with their free entertainment.

But to-day the programme will be even more attractive than it was yesterday or the day before. Those who miss this opportunity will have the best of reasons for regretting they did not avail themselves of the *Daily Mirror's* hospitality.

Yesterday an old habitué of the Palace said, "This is one of the prettiest sights we have ever seen here."

And well might he say so, for the beautiful Palace grounds and the Palace itself had become for the day a huge nursery.

It was the *Daily Mirror's* "Children's Day" at the Palace. Children had been specially catered for by Mr. J. Cozens, the manager of the Crystal Palace, and Mr. Bramhall, who is supplying many of the amusements.

It was a delightful sight. For these children and their parents, availing themselves of the *Daily*

March," which he had specially written for the occasion. Breathlessly they watched Miss Ella Zulla, champion lady high-wire walker, make her way across that little thread-like wire 200ft. up.

All these attractions will be on view to-day, beside many others.

Then a wild war-cry rent the air. The sound came from the famous football ground, where the Cup-ties are played. There was no tragedy, but merely eleven Somali warriors playing the boys of Mr. Herbert Godfrey's band at football. In no way daunted by their wild-looking opponents, who were dressed in picturesque robes, hardly adapted for football, the boys managed to score the first goal, but Abdul Hassam soon equalised, amid a scene of enthusiasm.

The boys again drew ahead, but Hassam equalised again. Play waxed hotter and hotter, and the cries of the Somalis rang out when Elini Korash scored for the natives and enabled them to win by 3 goals to 2.

After this, in the evening the fire magician, Mr. Brock, had prepared special surprises for the little ones who shouted "O-o-o-h!" in ecstasy when they saw the fireworks.

### "SPORTS" DAY AT THE PALACE.

To-day there is a huge programme provided for our readers, and we might fairly call it "Sports" Day. Cricket, cycling, football, all will be found on the programme, and the Australian lady swimmer, Miss Kellermann, has been specially engaged to give an exhibition in the boating lake. Also the members of the Aero Club will start from the Palace grounds for a trip in a balloon.

The Crystal Palace Football Club are playing Leyton in the Southern League on the great Cup enclosure, and over twenty champion cyclists will provide two and a half hours' exciting racing on the cement track.

Our readers, too, have a chance of winning a "Humanola" and £2 worth of music. They will find it in the Pompeian Court, and whoever can estimate most correctly the number of internal parts in this piano will receive the handsome prize. You have only got to fill up the coupon on page 11 of the *Daily Mirror*.

### ON SALE AT PALACE GATES.

By the way, do remember to cut out your coupons before you get to the gates. It hinders the traffic and causes delay if you don't.

Just to remind you once more of what we are offering our readers.

On page 1 of to-day's *Daily Mirror* you will find a coupon. Cut it out and you will gain free admittance to the Crystal Palace to-day by merely presenting this coupon at the gates.

If you cannot get a "Daily Mirror" before you start, don't worry, there will be plenty at the Crystal Palace gates. The Palace will be open at 9 a.m. Entertainments begin at 10 a.m., and continue till 10.30 p.m.

Come early, stay late, enjoy yourselves, and then the *Daily Mirror* will feel that it has achieved its object.

## LAST FREE DAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

To-day—  
(Saturday), Sept. 23 } 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.  
(Sports Day)  
To-day you can obtain Free Admittance to the Crystal Palace by producing a Coupon cut from the "Daily Mirror" published to-day.

*Mirror's* invitation to visit the Crystal Palace free, had come in their thousands, and were running helter-skelter all over the grounds.

Here were crowds of little ones watching their more daring companions dashing gaily down the waterchute. Here big crowds were watching the marvellous display of courage and coolness exhibited by Mr. Prinz, who, with only a whip in his hand, entered a cage in which were sixteen lions and lionesses, and not only played with them as if they were so many kittens, but actually flung them food and then drove them away from it.

"The bravest man who ever lived," cried the little ones. And then open-mouthed and wide-eyed they saw Miss Newman go into that same cage and sing a song, "just as if she was in a drawing-room."

And the bands, too, were here—the military bands of H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards, "who play before the King," whispered the children, and how they cheered when Mr. Herbert Godfrey conducted the "Daily Mirror

## FREE ADMISSION TO CRYSTAL PALACE FOR "DAILY MIRROR" READERS TO-DAY (SPORTS DAY).

- SYNOPSIS OF COLOSSAL PROGRAMME TO-DAY (SATURDAY), SEPT. 23.**
- 10 a.m.—Somali Village, the home of the Mad Mullah's followers. Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machine. H.C. Buck, British Empire champion; V. B. Casey, London mile champion).
  - 3.30 p.m.—Southern League Match—Crystal Palace F.C. v. Leyton F.C.
  - 4 p.m.—Grand Entertainment in the Theatre. Little Mona, the famous child artist. Coon songs, recitations, etc.
  - 4.30 p.m.—Variety Entertainment in Centre Transept. Play on a horse. Miss Newman will sing "Queen of the Earth" in the lions' cage.
  - 5 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Coldstream Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band will play on the North Terrace.
  - 5.30 p.m.—Miss Ella Zulla will rival Blondina's feat and walk on a wire 200ft. above the ground the whole length of the Terrace.
  - 6 p.m.—Grand Organ Recital in Centre Transept.
  - 6.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Scots Guards in North Tower Gardens. Entertainment in the Theatre.
  - 7.30 p.m.—Wonderful Animal Entertainment in Centre Transept—16 lions, 17 ponies, and 5 performing bears.
  - 8 p.m.—Magnificent Illumination of Crystal Palace Park and Gardens by myriads of fairy-lamps.
  - 8.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.
  - 9 p.m.—Monster Display of Fireworks—sheet of flame half a mile long and half a mile high. Special stunts.
  - 9.30 p.m.—Grand Massed Band Concert by the bands of H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards in Centre Transept.
  - Mr. John Barclay will sing the "Death of Nelson" at the great concert.

## LORD DUDLEY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Viceroy and Friends Capsized in a Racing Yacht.

## TIMELY RESCUE.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Dudley, has just had a most exciting escape from drowning.

For the last few weeks, his Excellency has been spending a holiday with his brother, the Hon. Cyril Ward, at Rosferry; and on Thursday there were some excellent yacht races on Lough Erne, that magnificent inland fresh-water sea in the south-west of Ulster.

In one of the contests for what is known there as "colleens," promoted by the Lough Erne Yacht Club, the seven entries included a trim craft of Lord Dudley's.

He sailed it himself, and was assisted by Captain and Lady Mabel Crichton. At the time there was a strong wind, almost developing into a gale occasionally.

### ALARMING SITUATION.

All went well for a time, and the distinguished party were in the full enjoyment of the unparalleled exhilaration of yachting under such exciting circumstances.

The little craft was within half a mile of the finishing post when, from a cause that has not yet been ascertained, the capsized.

In a moment the party were in great danger. At the cost of a dangerous wound in his leg, Cap-



LORD DUDLEY.

tain Crichton attempted to cut away some of the gear, his plucky wife and the Lord Lieutenant meanwhile displaying splendid coolness.

But the party, now thrown into the water, were in considerable danger, and none of the competing yachts were near enough to render any assistance.

In the circumstances Lord Dudley and his companions clung to the boat until they were rescued from their perilous position by a motor-launch belonging to the Lord-Lieutenant.

The only member of the party who required medical attendance was Captain Crichton, whose leg was found to be somewhat severely injured.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Princess of Luwu (South Celebes) has, says Reuter, made her submission to the Dutch authorities.

A telegram received in London yesterday by the Bibi-Eybat Petroleum Company says that all is now quiet at Bakou.

Major-General Francis Edward Wilson, C.B., who served in the Egyptian campaign, died at Southsea yesterday at the age of sixty-six.

Mrs. Eade, of Lewes, died yesterday from the effects of a wasp sting. The insect was in some liquid which she drank, and stung her at the base of the throat.

Bands of starving Spanish peasants are wandering about the country round San Lúcar de Barrameda, says Reuter, robbing houses, and threatening the lives of the farmers.

Lord Downshire's offer to sell to his tenants his Co. Down estate, valued at over £2,000,000, has been refused, says an Exchange telegram; the terms being considered unreasonable.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Squally, south-easterly winds; fair, but cloudy, to dull and very rainy; cool.

Lighting-up time, 6.55 p.m.  
Sea passages will become rough generally in the course of the day.



## EX-M.P.'S ALLEGED MURDER PLOT.

Amazing Stories of Audacious  
Counter-Plots.

## MAGISTRATE'S WARNING.

Stranger, yet more stranger become the revelations, the suggestions, and the incidents associated with the charge against Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P. for one of the divisions of Glasgow, of conspiring to murder his former wife.

When the case was remanded last week, considerable sensation had been caused by the statement of Thomas Worley, a newspaper cyclist, who said Mr. Watt had offered him large sums to push Mrs. Watt into the river or ride her down on his bicycle.

On the application of Mr. R. D. Muir, who appeared for the defence, Mr. Kennedy allowed Norman Battle, dealer, of Edinburgh, to be called on the ground that he had an engagement which would take him to Canada on Wednesday.

Battle told a remarkable story. He was, he said, personally acquainted with Mr. Watt. He had known that gentleman by sight for some years from the time when he represented Glasgow in Parliament.

### Overheard Conversation.

On August 17 witness was in London, and saw Mr. Watt in Regent-street at 11.30 in the morning. Witness stood looking in a shop window, and about five minutes afterwards saw a tall gentleman coming out of the shop door.

Mr. Muir: Will Mr. Marshall (private inquiry agent) stand forward?

Witness, after looking at Mr. Marshall, replied: "Yes, this gentleman is like him."

The man whom he recognised as Marshall, he said, was followed by another man. The second man caught up Marshall and said: "Be careful how you go about it, Mr. Marshall." Marshall replied: "Have no fear, nobody will believe Watt, and I will take it out of him. Fancy, only £10, McKenna (or McKendral)."

The man thus addressed responded: "All right. See the thing through. Watt doesn't count for much. Besides, look at the advertisements." Marshall then asked: "Have you finished the statement you commenced yesterday? Be sure to keep a copy for me and Drummond, or we are done."

The man addressed as McKenna responded: "Do you want me to rush it now?" and Marshall replied: "Of course, we must not make a mess of this job, or Watt will paralyse us."

Answering Mr. Sins (for the Treasury), witness said he was going to Halifax, in Canada, and he expected to return in a month's time.

### "All Women Are Wicked."

James Shuttle, of Rowton House, Hammersmith-road, W., was then called by the Treasury, and admitted at the outset that he had been in trouble on several occasions for minor offences. He was known, he said, to some people by the name of "Nosey." In 1902 witness knew Worley, who kept a paper stall at Albert Gate, and on one evening in November of that year met him by appointment in the Green Park. Worley pointed out a man whom he (witness) now recognised as Mr. Watt.

Worley spoke to Mr. Watt, and then left him. Witness then approached Mr. Watt, and he entered into conversation with him. Mr. Watt asked: "Have you ever done time?" "Yes," responded witness, "I have done three years for killing a woman." That was untrue. (Laughter.)

"All women are wicked," was the comment of Mr. Watt, who went on to say, "I want you to do a job for me. There is a woman staying at a hotel in Norfolk-street (witness could not remember the name of the hotel); her name is Mrs. Watt. I want you to administer chloroform to her. You can easily square the chambermaid."

### Gold To Buy a Jemmy.

Proceeding, witness said Mr. Watt gave him further instructions. "When you get into the room put some chloroform on her handkerchief and hold it to her nose until she is dead." "All right," responded witness.

Mr. Watt then handed him £5 in gold to buy chloroform, and a jemmy, explaining that he would want something with which to force open the door, and that if any more money was necessary he could communicate with him through Worley.

A few days later witness had another meeting with Mr. Watt in the Green Park. "Have you done it yet?" asked Mr. Watt. "No," responded witness. "She (Mrs. Watt) has gone to Harrogate."

Mr. Watt then said: "Mrs. Watt will stay at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Harrogate: You go there at once and stay for a month. Here is another £5. If you want any money let Tom Worley know, and I will send it to you."

In granting the remand and allowing Mr. Watt bail, Mr. Kennedy told Mr. Muir that if any attempt were made to molest Mrs. Watt or Sir Reginald Beauchamp the bail would be withdrawn.

## "PIRATE" BOYS' OUTFIT.

Four-wheeled Box, Dark Lanterns, Sardines, a Lifebuoy, and a Stove.

It appears that the two boys—Horace Hussey and Albert Chippendale—who, as mentioned yesterday, left their homes to play "Jack Sheppard" in the wilds of Kent are by no means novices at game.

Once before they endeavoured to emulate the feats of the heroes of romance. 'Tis true they only succeeded in getting to the next street or so, where, wrapping themselves in blankets, borrowed for the occasion, they divided the night between weeping and eating.

This time, however, they had made up their mind to profit by their hard-earned experience and to organise their campaign on thoroughly business lines. The first thing Hussey did was to make out a specification of a cart in which to carry the food, blankets, etc.

His, the master, brain decided that it would need:—

- 1 pair 15in. wheels.
- 2 pair 9in. wheels.
- 1 box.
- 2 boards 1yd. 1ft. 6in. long.
- 3 pair 1ft. springs.
- 2 dark lanterns.
- 1 lamp for cart.

His soul even soared to two whole sets of rubber tyres—doubtless to drown the cart's rattle as it left the camp (Bermondsey) for the fruitful pastures of Kent.

Then he turned to the commissariat—1lb. sugar, 1lb. butter, condensed milk, oil, soap, one tin sardines, tea, and jam tarts was the list he finally settled upon.

Three cups and saucers, four plates, two dishes, a stove, a kettle, a lifebuoy (in case they should embark on a course of high-sea piracy), towels and soap, two blankets, and acout made up a very useful camping-outfit list for boys aged fourteen and twelve respectively.

Further equipped with money from their father's gas-meter, they stealthily marched to London Bridge and took train for the wilds of Kent.

The story of their emulation of the "Pale Pirate of Prosperous Creek" has already been told, and with terrible colds they sought the railway to be handed over to the tender mercies of the police.

## CINEMATOGRAPH ABLAZE.

Burning Apparatus and Films Flung Through  
a Schoolroom Window.

A cinematograph caught fire during a performance at Hartwell Schools, Northants, and the apparatus was instantly ablaze.

The operators had the presence of mind to fling the burning mechanism through the window, or the building would have been involved.

Some valuable films, including one worth £50, were destroyed, and the unfortunate part of it is that one of the operators had invested all his capital in the venture.

## DRAMA OF A DOG.

Mr. Plowden's Modern Version of Solomon's  
Judgment.

A dog, alleged to have two names, was the centre of interest in Mr. Plowden's court at Marlborough-street.

An English fancier and a foreign fancier each claimed him as his own, the former declaring that the dog's name was Jack, the latter being emphatic that it was Spot.

Spot-Jack or Jack-Spot was brought into court wagging his tail. He fixed his eyes on Mr. Plowden, and paid no attention to the excited shouts of "Jack" and "Spot" from the fanciers.

Then the Englishman's sister was called in. Spot-Jack ignored her appeals.

When the excitement was at its height, a veterinary surgeon entered. After a struggle he looked in the dog's mouth.

"He is about seven months old," he said. "Your case is that your dog is thirteen months old," said Mr. Plowden to the Englishman. "The case is dismissed."

## AVERTED ELECTRIC TRAIN PERIL.

A serious defect has been discovered in connection with the new electric trains on the District Railway.

Between the steps at the end of each of the coaches the space is wide enough to entrap a man's foot. This danger is being obviated by introducing steel flaps over the gap.

## AFRICAN CRUCIFIXION.

News has reached the Church Missionary Society that short time ago a man was crucified in Nigeria by the King of Ugboko as a sacrifice at the time of the annual festival.

Akpu is a very out-of-the-way place, and it is believed that such sacrifices are still offered in secret, even where white men are stationed.

## MR. STEAD AND TSAR.

He Talks Cheerily of His Great  
Mission in Russia.

## THE REAL EMPEROR.

Mr. W. T. Stead is evidently taking himself quite seriously in one of the most remarkable appointments man ever held. As the world knows, this brilliant journalist has been given by the Tsar the mission of organising public meetings in the Russian Empire in order to prepare the people for something like representative Government.

For an ordinary person to turn from writing articles on "spooks" and criticisms of "The Spring Chicken" to reforming an Empire would demand too much mental agility. Turning from the intensely modern life of England to the almost mediæval conditions of rural Russia would give the average man an attack of vertigo. But Mr. Stead is no ordinary person, and he seems to regard his latest little job with as little self-distrust as he would show over bringing out a new periodical.

An interview he gave yesterday to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Chicago Daily News" shows how confidently he anticipates success.

"Yes," he said, "it is quite true that I have received the personal authorisation of the Tsar to conduct a propaganda in Russia through the medium of public meetings for the purpose of creating sentiment in favour of the Duma or National Assembly.

### Better a Half Loaf.

"I shall advocate the Duma from the Englishman's view-point, always emphasising the truth that half a loaf is better than no bread. Russians must remember that this half-loaf carries with it as absolutely unavailing corollaries from points of the Magna Charter of Russian freedom—the right of public meetings, the liberty of the Press, the liberty of association, and immunity from arbitrary arrest. Without these no real National Assembly can be elected.

"I understand that laws establishing these liberties are already elaborated, and will shortly be published. It is utter nonsense to say the National Assembly is a mockery. You might as well say that it is no use accepting fifty cents from a man who owes you a dollar, and has hitherto refused to admit that he owed you anything. The National Assembly is simply a payment on account. It is admittedly only the beginning.

"People who want a spick-and-span Constitution by return of post are like children crying for the moon. They resemble the man who rang up the telephone exchange, angrily demanding why the kingdom of heaven had not arrived when he had rung for it a whole hour ago. That's the attitude of some patriotic Russians I meet.

"The success of the Assembly depends on the readiness of the Russian people to see the wisdom of the half-loaf and the ability of the Emperor not to allow his liberal intentions to be thwarted by reactionary officials."

Mr. Stead describes the Tsar (who has been represented as overwhelmed with care and prematurely aged) as bright and cheerful-looking, and as young and vigorous as he was six years ago. He is thoroughly hopeful as to the empire's future.

The general impression Mr. Stead gives is that his present task is quite a sideshow, and that he would not be in the least perturbed if he were appointed to run the whole of Europe, with Ireland thrown in.

## GERMAN CHAGRIN.

Expectations of Big After-Peace Trade with  
Russia Doomed to Disappointment.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Friday.—The report that Russia's new navy is to be built in England has caused the greatest consternation among German shipbuilders.

For many months German manufacturers have been planning to capture the commercial plums following the declaration of peace.

The reported intervention of the Kaiser to secure the return of the Russian prisoners on German boats was only a part of a great commercial scheme.

Agents of German firms flocked into Russian and Japanese markets in advance of their English and United States rivals.

But Germany's pro-Russian attitude during the war will not weigh with the shrewd Russians now, and trade favours will be given to those who guarantee quickest delivery and give the best terms.

## DEATH OF AN AGED ARTIST.

At the advanced age of eighty-eight, Mr. John R. Dicksee, the artist, has died at his residence at Hampstead.

He was a member of a well-known family of artists, which included his brother, his niece, and his nephew, while his son succeeded him as head drawing master at the City of London School. His last picture was in this year's Royal Academy.

## PARTED IN SPITE OF ALL.

Wife Who Sought Death with Her  
Husband Accused of His Murder.

For the last two years our circumstances had been getting desperate. We decided that as there was no means of earning a living in any way we had better leave the world together.

This was the admission of Marion Seddon, sixty-five, of Southend-on-Sea, who was charged at Mortlake yesterday with the wilful murder of her husband.

The circumstances were very pathetic. The couple lived at Mortlake, and in their old age found trade and all hope for the future slipping from them.

They decided to die together. The wife gave her husband half a bottle of belladonna. The other half she drank. The husband died. She survived. Hence, under the law of the land, she is not only liable to a charge of attempted suicide, but stands accused of the murder of her husband.

There were few people present at the Mortlake Court yesterday, when, deeply veiled, the wife was charged. A strong appeal for bail on her behalf was refused.

## "GENERAL BONAPARTE."

Prince Louis Napoleon Desires the Historic  
Title of His Brilliant Ancestor.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ODESSA, Friday.—Prince Louis Napoleon, the recently-appointed Governor of the Caucasus, may in his new post gain the permission to bear the title he has so long desired—that of General Bonaparte.

It was an open secret that his late Majesty promised the Prince that on his attainment of the rank of general he should be permitted to adopt the title.

Whether Alexander III. withdrew that promise after the establishment of the Franco-Russian alliance, or whether the present Tsar, out of deference to the French Republic, declined to fulfil it, is a mere matter of conjecture. But the Prince frets against the prohibition of his use of the historic title, and if he is successful in suppressing the present revolution he may yet successfully appeal for permission to adopt it.

## IMAGINARY GAS ENGINES.

Deluded Workman Penniless in Aristocratic  
Maidenhead.

When John C. Vockings arrived in Maidenhead from Bristol, in answer to an advertisement, he met Arthur Bolton, who, it is alleged, asked £3 from him as security for a berth in a gas-engine factory.

"Our works are now at Marlow," Bolton is said to have explained, "because the aristocrats of Maidenhead objected to the smoke nuisance." The works existed in imagination only.

Yesterday, at Maidenhead Court, Bolton, a well-dressed man of 6ft., was charged with stealing the £3, and was remanded for a week.

Vockings said that he was 100 miles from his friends, and penniless, whilst his wife was in very delicate health.

## THIEF IN A CATHEDRAL.

Motorist's Brilliant Headlight Betrays an  
Evidoor's Hiding-Place.

A new use for motor-car headlights has been found.

One night last week unwonted sounds were heard proceeding from the Cathedral of Rheims, and as the building had been locked as usual it was feared that something was amiss.

The Archbishop was summoned, and he in turn summoned the police. The latter at once commenced to search the building with lamps and candles, but owing to the uncertain light made little headway.

Attracted by the crowd, a passing motorist stopped, and on learning the cause of excitement unhooked his headlights and entered, a robber in hiding being discovered as a result of the superior illumination.

## TWO RICHMONDS IN THE SAHARA.

PARIS, Friday.—According to telegrams from Tangier and Las Palmas, published by the "New York Herald" Paris edition, Baron de Forest is organising an armed expedition to the Sahara Desert, supported by the British Government.

He intends, it is stated, to found an Empire of the Sahara.—Reuter.

## RAILWAY FARES REFUNDED.

Between Portland-road and Baker-street a Metropolitan electric train broke down yesterday evening.

Passengers walked through the tunnel and had their fares refunded. Traffic from the City was delayed for some time.



## MISS LUTINA DISCHARGED.

Magistrate Gives Defendant the Benefit of the Doubt.

### CAUSTIC COMMENTS.

At the sixth hearing yesterday, the charge against Miss Aida Lutina, actress and elocutionist, was dismissed by the Clerkenwell magistrate.

Mr. Bros said that, taking into consideration the whole of the case, he thought there was some doubt as to whether the defendant did accost gentlemen at that particular time, and as there ought to be no conviction if there was any doubt, he would discharge Miss Lutina.

The interest which this case has aroused was shown by the crowded state of the court, and the fact that hundreds of people waited outside to hear the decision.

Miss Lutina, who was dressed in black, and looked pale and haggard, was provided with a seat, and her anxiety during the hearing of the case was painfully apparent.

The fifth adjournment of the case had been made to enable the defence to call Mr. Percy Hill, an engineer, of Great Russell-street, who is the landlord of Granville-mansions, Hunter-street, where Miss Lutina occupies a flat.

#### Landlord's Evidence.

Going into the witness-box, Mr. Hill said that he had told his brother to watch these flats this year. He knew the accused was his tenant; she had occupied a flat at a rent of £70 a year for about fifteen months, but he should not like to express his opinion of his tenants.

There were other women living in his flats, and married couples also.

This being the only witness, the evidence given by Police-constable Clark, who brought the original charge, was read over, and Mr. Bros, the magistrate, proceeded to give his decision.

He said the police had brought an overwhelming amount of evidence with regard to the character of defendant, and in his opinion they were sufficiently justified in placing her in the category they did.

Every opportunity was given to the defendant to call rebutting evidence, and he was sure that everyone who had listened to the evidence would be satisfied that the police were absolutely justified in putting her in that class.

As to the evidence of the crânceman that the constable who had brought the charge asked him to "swear false," he could not help thinking that the word "false" was a gloss put on by the witness, whose mind seemed to have been prejudiced by what had appeared in the papers.

Comments had been made on the constable having gone to the crânceman, but he saw no objection to that, though the officer might have been unwise in the time he selected. The constable seemed to have thought it necessary to defend himself against a charge of perjury.

### £30,000 "LONG FIRM" CASE.

Alderman Congratulates London Police on the Captures in Wales.

The "long firm" fraud charges, involving £30,000, were again before Alderman Sir John Bell, at the Guildhall yesterday.

Together with George Webber and Richard T. Rosenberg, William Leslie and Alice Frances Cheeseman, whose arrest at Aberystwyth caused considerable sensation, appeared in the dock.

One of the features of the proceedings was the fact that the alderman warmly congratulated the City police for their efforts, making special allusion to Detective-Inspector Willis's arrest of Leslie and Cheeseman.

The case was again adjourned.

### BOGUS ACCIDENT.

Solicitors Cleverly Victimised by a Plausible Engineer.

"He has victimised a number of solicitors in all parts of London," said a witness at Stratford Police Court yesterday when Frederick Reynolds was charged with obtaining money from a solicitor, and with attempting to obtain money from others.

Reynolds, who is an engineer, was in the habit of telling a story to solicitors of a bogus accident to a workman at the docks. Asking the solicitor to take up the case, he suggested that money should be advanced to pay the fares of the witnesses, whom he would bring with him on the following day.

In this manner he obtained money. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

### UNDER THE EYES OF THE LAW.

Burglars broke into a house at Rochester yesterday opposite the residence of the chief-constable, and stole money and jewellery to the value of £200.

## WOMEN'S CALL TO ARMS.

Poplar Wives, Wildly Talking of Revolution, Will Petition the King.

Poplar women are again arming for the political fray. They will meet at the town hall next Monday "to petition the King to summon Parliament at once for the purpose of voting money to give useful work for the unemployed."

Their leaders claim that it was the action of women that forced the Government to pass the Unemployed Workmen's Act.

The circular calling the meeting is an extraordinary address to the "Women of Poplar," reminding them of the part played by women in the French Revolution.

"You must agitate with the men to compel his Majesty the King and the Prime Minister to call Parliament together and pass the necessary laws."

"You don't want charity or emigration. You must claim the right for your husbands to work and live in England. Follow the example of your French sisters, who one hundred years ago by their work destroyed landlordism in France. Your work is to destroy capitalism, which starves you and yours every day that the few may be rich."

"Governments, parliaments, kings, and emperors only take notice of those who show their discontent."

### EX-MAYOR FOUND DEAD.



Alderman W. Gates, ex-Mayor of Lowestoft, who was found dead on the banks of the River Ouse.

### TOO-WILLING WORKER.

Returned Emigrant Complains That Canadian Employers Took Advantage of Him.

Entered on the Canning Town unemployed register yesterday, J. S. Walker, who has returned to England disappointed with Canada, whither he emigrated, says work is poorly paid in the Dominion.

As a farm labourer he was paid 8s. a week, with plenty of good food and lodging.

"But," he complains, "seeing I was a willing chap they put on me, and wanted too much out of me."

"I was out at four o'clock in the morning to fetch in the cows, milked them, had breakfast, fed the pigs and attended to the horses, and then went ploughing, harrowing, and other farm work until dark."

Although a London dock worker, of typical physique and average ability, he earned that commendation of his employer, who said he ploughed and harrowed as well as some who had been at it for years.

### SILENT WOMAN.

Mysterious Prisoner, Dressed in Mourning, Whose Identity Cannot Be Determined.

A silent woman appeared at North London Police Court yesterday. Her name is unknown, and nothing could persuade her to speak.

Dressed in deep mourning, she appeared on a charge of attempting suicide, and when asked to give her name she made no answer. When the magistrate suggested that she should give information she shook her head.

Found on a doorstep in Elthorne-road, she said she had taken poison, but since then she has not opened her mouth.

The magistrate, in remanding her, hoped she would tell someone what was troubling her.

### FILLED MANY PARTS.

Again appearing at Westminster Court yesterday, William Birkin, in turn an undergraduate at Cambridge, an auctioneer's clerk, and an actor on tour, was again remanded on a charge of obtaining board value £43 by false pretences.

### POACHING BY TRAMWAY-CAR.

Four poachers, who boarded a Leigh (Lancs.), tramway-car in a county district late at night, were pounced upon by the police, and twenty-one rabbits were found in their possession.

## STRANGE CONFESSION.

Son States That He Murdered His Mother at Marylebone.

### "KISSED HER GOOD-BYE."

"I kissed her good-bye, intending to leave the house, but something stopped me. I trembled all over."

"Suddenly I put my arms round her neck and choked her. Her life was flickering from her body as I left. I pulled down the blind so that no one should look in and see her, because if they had they would have been after me at once."

"When I got outside I felt bad, and thought I was going to be captured. I then went to Waterloo Station, and called for three-pennyworth of brandy. The barmaid said, 'How bad you look.'"

"After I had done I ransacked the house, looking for one particular thing I wanted to find, but could not find it."

"It was there when I went before. They found a shovel. I know how it came there. It was there before."

This remarkable statement was made, according to witnesses at an inquest yesterday at Marylebone, by George William Gundry, a man of twenty-five, who is in custody in connection with the remarkable case known as the Marylebone mystery.

#### No Marks of Injury.

In a house in Little George-street, Marylebone, on Monday a married woman named Augusta Penfold was found dead. There were bruises on her, but no marks of injury to account for her death. Medical examination showed that the woman had died of syncope, which might have been due to shock. The doctor, however, could not be definite about the matter.

A strange element was then imported into the case. An overcoat was missed, and Gundry, Mrs. Penfold's son by a former husband, was arrested at Hatfield on suspicion of stealing it.

At the inquest yesterday Police-constable Beecroft, of the Herts Constabulary, related how he arrested Gundry.

The man said: "She would not make any noise, and no one would hear her as it was strangulation."

Further evidence was given to the effect that to a fellow-prisoner Gundry remarked: "Why, I have murdered my mother."

"What was become of you?" replied his companion. "This," replied Gundry, indicating the method of hanging. "She died," continued Gundry, "at twenty minutes to nine, and I was the only one there. I did not think I had the strength."

Then he went on to make the extraordinary statement detailed above.

The inquiry was adjourned.

### TWO YEARS FOR A KISS.

Drastic Punishment for Negro Who Saluted White Girl to Win a Bet.

For kissing a white girl to win a bet of one dollar a Baltimore negro has been sent to gaol for two years.

John Fedderman, a black waiter at Mount Holly Inn, a fashionable hotel in the suburbs of Baltimore, made a bet with another negro waiter, named Durham, that he would kiss any white girl the latter pointed out.

Durham picked out a Miss Mary White, a lady's maid to one of the visitors at the hotel. Fedderman threw his arms round the girl, and kissed her on the cheek.

The girl's screams set the hotel in an uproar, and Fedderman fled. He was caught soon afterwards, and when charged with the assault proffered the story of the bet as an explanation. Miss White was so upset that she fainted several times during the hearing of the case.

### TRICKS OFF THE STAGE.

Music-Hall Artist Accused of Warehouse-Breaking.

Arthur Hollis, who, under the name of Monsieur Hollis, has been touring provincial music-halls as a handcuff expert and chain-slipper, was committed for trial at Northampton yesterday, charged with warehouse-breaking.

It was alleged that he rode up to a factory on his bicycle, coolly unfashioned the padlock with a skeleton key, and gave his attention to the safe and cashbox, from which he took £10 in silver.

There are further charges of warehouse-breaking to be investigated, in which Philip Haynes, shoehand, and Hollis are stated to be implicated.

### FOUR PEOPLE LIVE ON 5s. 2d. A WEEK.

A telling instance of how the poor live was given at an inquest at Shoreditch yesterday, when it was stated that four people had been subsisting on 5s. 2d. a week.

## SCOTLAND SHAKEN.

Earthquake Drives Terrified Sleepers Into the Streets.

Manifesting itself in many terrifying ways, an earthquake shock passed across Scotland, apparently from east to west, soon after midnight yesterday. It will be remembered that Scotland experienced an earthquake in July of this year.

At Tillicoultry, Clackmannanshire, and in the Alloa district houses rocked violently, and hundreds of people rushed into the street in scanty clothing. Furniture was damaged and crockery broken.

To those standing on terra firma the shock brought an alarming swaying motion that filled them with fear and nausea, and in many cases brought on sickness.

A railway signalman in his cabin at Cornton, on the Stirling line, states that all the signal-bells rang violently, and his first impression was that there had been a terrible accident.

The noise at Bannockburn is described as resembling railway trucks in collision.

The shock is said to have been much more severe than that of last July, and many persons declare their intention of going south to live, Scotland being more frequently visited by earthquakes than England.

### "MISS CROWTHER" DEAD.

Famous Gorilla Falls a Victim to Consumption on the Broad Atlantic.

"Miss Crowther" is dead!

The news has just come from New York that the gorilla, who had been sent to New York by the Graf Waldersee, has succumbed in mid-ocean to tuberculosis.

"Miss Crowther" entirely lost her appetite while in captivity at the London "Zoo," and the best-meant efforts of her keepers have been in vain.

Mr. Hamlyn, the famous wild animal dealer, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that "Miss Crowther's" owner had insured the animal for a large sum.

### HAS JUSTICE ERRED?

Solicitor Maintains that an Innocent Man Has Been Convicted of Theft.

A serious charge was preferred against the police at Marlborough-street yesterday, a solicitor stating that there had been a miscarriage of justice.

Two men, named Richards and Quinney, he said, had been fined on a charge of stealing and receiving meat from a shop in Great Titchfield-street, and that since then a man, named Pratt, had made efforts to give himself up for the theft, but that the police would not take up the charge.

There was independent evidence, said the solicitor, that the man Richards was not the thief at all.

A detective stated that there was no doubt that the right man was convicted, and on the magistrate saying he could not assist, the solicitor left the court.

### CONFIDENCE DUPES.

Visitor from Central America Robbed of a Gold Nugget and Valuables.

To the number of victims of the confidence trick there appears to be no end.

Yesterday, at Tower Bridge Court, John Murphy and John O'Reilly had to answer a charge of stealing nine 25 notes, a gold nugget weighing 170oz., a gold Albert, a silver watch, a gold ring, a pin, opal pin, opal ring, buckle ring, sovereign case, and £3 in gold from Henry Smith, a visitor from Central America, who resides at Anderson's Hotel. In the smoke-room a man going by the name of Gillan made himself agreeable, and during a walk round town they encountered Murphy and O'Reilly, who "had been left a fortune, and was looking for a person whom he could trust to distribute it to the poor."

To show their confidence in Smith they left their money with him, but when he left his valuables with them, also to "show his confidence," they absconded.

The prisoners, who were arrested in the vicinity of Kennington-road, were remanded.

### ONE SHILLING PER VOLUME.

The World's **HARMSWORTH** Famous . . . **LIBRARY.** Books . . .

AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND BOOKSELLERS.



## LONDON'S NEWEST PLAYHOUSE.

La Scala a Triumph of White Marble and Red and Gold.

### STAIRCASE STALLS.

To-day sees the opening of London's newest theatre, La Scala—the shrine of all that is most modern in comfort and beauty, but old in its associations and successful reputation.

A theatre has existed on this site in Charles-street, Tottenham Court-road, since 1700; and the name of Lady Bancroft and the old Prince of Wales's will never fade from the memory of lovers of the drama.

The new house, although opened a year ago, will first be seen by the public to-night. A stately building is La Scala, built entirely of concrete and absolutely fireproof in every part.

The novel features are so many that they are difficult to name. A wide and lofty entrance-hall greets one on entering, and one sees two doors, "The King's Box" and "The Prince of Wales's Box." They are the only boxes in the house, and from them an uninterrupted view may be had of the stage from every seat.

A similar view, however, can be had from any of the seats—from the most expensive stall or from a humble shilling seat. One does not have to wait in the street either, for all seats can be booked.

Inside the theatre a brilliant scheme of red and white and touches of gold meets the eye. Prominent is the almost flat curve of the dress-circle, known in the Scala as the "Staircase stall."

White marble pillars flank the sides and appear again above the proscenium, which is crowned with a figure of St. George.

#### IN MARBLE HALLS.

Marble stairs lead gently up to these stalls, and marble and bronze form the bases of the boxes. Each seat is a separate armchair, and, while they do not tip up, they are arranged so as to allow ample space to pass by.

The seats are upholstered in red leather of a brilliant shade, and red velvet forms the drop scene. There are foyers, too, for ladies and gentlemen, where the former can sit in cosy chairs, drink tea, and chat between the acts or at the end of the performance, and the latter can smoke in comfort.

From 1,500 to 1,300 people can be seated in the house, which, from the proscenium to the dress-circle is six feet wider than His Majesty's Theatre, and on the floor, too, there is a few feet more room.

The name "La Scala" is the Italian for staircase, the most striking feature of the new house being the staircase to the dress-circle inside the theatre itself.

The Scala is Italy's most renowned theatre. The traditions of England's Scala all point to an equally splendid future, to which the magnificent house will be no small factor.

### TEA ROOMS DOOMED.

Expensive Shops for Tete-a-Tetes Fail To Show a Profit.

The day of the West End tea-room is past.

"Many of the proprietors of tea-rooms are bankrupt, and others are leaving the business," said a West End caterer to the *Daily Mirror*.

Not long ago the West End possessed about a dozen gorgeously-furnished and expensive establishments which bore fancy names, generally reminiscent of the Far East. In some of them tea was a shilling a pot, and charges for cake and bread and butter were correspondingly high. Now they have disappeared.

"They were not meant as tea-rooms proper," said the caterer. "They were mostly used as a rendezvous by people who did not wish to meet publicly."

"Members of the Smart Set who wanted to enjoy a tete-a-tete patronised them. Some of these tea-shops had private rooms for the use of those who desired to exchange confidences."

"The people who ran them sometimes paid as much as £1,000 a year is rent, and spent large sums on quaint furniture and original costumes for the waitresses."

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.  
ONE PENNY.

"Illustrated Mail"

THE BRIGHT PICTORIAL  
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. W. Durnford, a former house-master at Eton, and one of the most popular of Cambridge "Dons," has been invited by both political parties to accept the mayoralty of Cambridge.

From a single seed potato Mr. Charles Stone, of Burnham, Somerset, has raised 116 tubers.

Two Stratford pugilists dealt with at West Ham yesterday for an assault on the police were both named Knock.

Through an alarming explosion of gas at a private house in Oakdale-road, Streatham, yesterday, Mrs. Sarah Reynolds was hurled some distance and badly burned.

During the winter the Midland Railway Company will continue its hitherto successful running of through fast trains between northern towns and the South Coast.

Derby's first teetotal mayor, Alderman Frank Dewsbury, died yesterday at the age of forty-one. His ancestor was licensed by King George III. to use the Crown as a distinctive mark on Derby china.

In full evening dress, with a picture hat, a feather box, and all the finery beloved by ladies, Miss Madge Fox is performing clever acrobatic feats at the Palace Theatre without deranging her costume in the least.

A picture-postcard is being circulated locally of "St. Mary's Cathedral," Gateshead. The view is of the parish church, and the other side bears the legend, "Printed in Germany," which, of course, explains the error.

Despite repeated requests, the local guardians refuse to feed the children of the Hemsworth (Yorkshire) colliery-strikers, and the miners' leaders now threaten to issue summonses to compel them to do so.

Half a mile of hose had to be used to reach the water supply at a Wrexham fire.

The Rev. W. H. Gooch, rector of Broxholme, was accidentally killed yesterday at railway crossing at Saxilby, Lincoln.

By the resignation, after many years' service, of Mr. Walter George Vincent, the post of District Probate Registrar of Nottingham has become vacant.

Part of a building at the corner of Wardour-street collapsed yesterday, and a man, named Savage, was so seriously injured that he had to be removed to the hospital.

Marie Emily Lady Williams-Wynn, widow of the sixth baronet, died yesterday, after a long illness, at her Denbighshire home. She had survived her husband twenty years.

Inquiry yesterday by Coroner Troutbeck showed that the death of Amelia Pryke, housemaid, crushed in a lift at the Duke of Grafton's house in Chesterfield-gardens, was accidental.

Charles Smarsh, the Hull boy imprisoned for six months for stealing a steam launch at Boston, whose escape from prison caused such a sensation, has been sent for trial from Sleaford to Lincoln charged with burglary at Tattershall Bridge Post-office.

### BOOT FACTORY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



Five hundred people are idle in consequence of the disastrous fire which wrecked the boot factory of Messrs. Parker, Kempster, and Stevens at Higham Ferrers, near Raunds.

Fishermen's nets and lobster pots formed part of the decorations at a harvest festival at Swanage, Dorset.

Reprimanded for reading novels instead of doing her work, Eliza Vernon, an inmate of Dudley Workhouse, assaulted the master and other officials, and has been sent to gaol.

At Galgate (Lancashire) a man who is a private paying patient in a lunatic asylum was yesterday allowed a vote, the revising barrister considering him a person able to return to his occupation at will.

Three generations of masters of foxhounds—Mr. W. W. Tailby, Sir Bache Cunard, and Mr. Fernie—were seen at the ringside at the same time at the Market Harborough Horse Show and puppy judging yesterday.

Taken from a sixteenth century house at Dogsthorpe in process of demolition, a staircase was sold at firewood price to a Peterborough dealer, who has renovated and resold it at a handsome profit to a rich American.

Two fine black oak tree trunks have been discovered at a depth of fourteen feet during excavations at Heaton Mersey (Lancashire). One of them is about sixteen feet long, and has a circumference of five feet six inches.

Directors of the London and South-Western Bank, Limited, yesterday passed a resolution of deep sympathy with the relatives of Dr. Barnardo, and expressed confidence that the great work he founded will be permanently continued.

An old lady of ninety-four who lives at Rhayader (Radnorshire) visited Porthcawl yesterday, and for the first time in her life obtained a glimpse of the sea.

Under the mattress, upon which a widow, named Mary Burke, died in Slack-street, Rochdale, £33 in gold was found. For years she had been receiving relief.

All efforts made yesterday to refloat the English liner Umzumbi, ashore on the Island of Molene, off Brest, failed, but an attempt is to be made with four tugs.

With a view to relieving Portsmouth in times of urgency, provision has now been made for the coaling of five battleships at one time in Southampton Water.

Never having missed a practice or parade during his fifty years' membership of the Droylsden Band, Mr. John Blackburn, the oldest player in Lancashire, has resigned.

Owing to the cost of maintenance, the Board of Lincoln County Hospital are hesitating to accept Mr. Thomas Martin's offer of a mansion which cost £35,000, to be used as a convalescent home.

At a village inn near Manchester the landlord displays the following notice: "I have given instructions that no one is to be served with more than two glasses of intoxicating liquor at a time."

Nottingham City Council, which has already spent over half a million sterling on its overhead electric tramways, has passed a scheme of extensions which will involve a further outlay of £57,000.

## GENERAL CHAFFEE ON CONSCRIPTION.

England Always Able To Get All the Material She Wants.

### SMART FRENCH SOLDIERS.

Lieutenant-General Adna Chaffee, the Chief of Staff of the United States Army, and the real Commander-in-Chief, has just arrived in London from Paris.

As the official representative of the United States army, he sailed from New York on August 19 to view the military manoeuvres of the French army at Brienne-la-Chateau.

To a representative of the *Daily Mirror*, at the Metropole Hotel yesterday, the American commander, who is not unlike the late Sir Hector Macdonald in appearance, spoke enthusiastically of the warm welcome which was tendered him and his associates.

With regard to the manoeuvres, he said that it would not be in keeping with his position to express his views at present. These will be contained in his official report.

"Could you give an opinion as to the advisability of introducing conscription in England?"

#### ALL THE MATERIAL REQUIRED.

"I don't know much about that," was the General's reply. "I thought that England was always able to get all the material needed for both Army and Navy. She should be able to."

"Is the United States army at present under-officered, as has been stated?"

"We are not under-officered according to law, but there are so many semi-military positions in which our officers are employed that it takes them from their commands, but in the time of war we would be thoroughly up to strength."

"A story has been published in London," said the *Daily Mirror*, "that you volunteered a guard to protect the observatory instruments at Peking, and that you guaranteed, where other forces had failed to do so, that none of them would be touched."

"This is a story without foundation, and is all 'rot,'" retorted General Chaffee.

This being the first visit of the head of the United States army to London, he was asked his idea of the city.

"Having only just arrived, I have not seen much of it, but it's a great 'burg'."

As to the French soldiers the General said they displayed excellent temper and an enviable willingness for work in the field; that the manoeuvres were a splendid development for the men, the officers, and the staff. They might not, he averred, act just the same where real danger confronted them on campaign.

A strong feature was the admirable way the French soldiers had been taught to take cover, and the very smart methods employed in entrenchment operations. The French staffs and apparently a proficient grasp of their duties, which just the same where real danger confronted them on campaign.

As to the French soldiers the General said they displayed excellent temper and an enviable willingness for work in the field; that the manoeuvres were a splendid development for the men, the officers, and the staff. They might not, he averred, act just the same where real danger confronted them on campaign.

### LONDON GOLD THREATENED.

Speculation Discouraged by New York Bankers and Prospect of High Money Rates.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—There was a feeling in stock markets to-day that with the Bank rate not raised the certainty of a rise in the near future must weigh against business. London gold supplies seem to be still further threatened, and so, with the Settlement so near, and the monthly Consol Settlement not far off, there was less confidence, and a slight tendency to sell.

This Consols were down at 89 9/16, and this tendency was reflected by the Stock Markets as a whole. For instance, the Home Railway section was not so good, this being entirely attributable to these monetary uncertainties and the coming Settlement. And, as news from New York spoke of bankers discouraging speculation there, and of the possibility of high money rates, American Rails were also lower.

Further, in spite of the keen market favouritism, or perhaps as a result of it having encouraged over-speculation, the Canadian group showed some weakness, notably Grand Trunks, while Hudson's Bays were weaker at 79 on the great size of the speculative account open at the present time.

Although they were talking again of the Morocco question, yet the markets, so far as Foreigners were concerned, were never unsatisfactory, and indeed Paris seemed inclined to buy. There were only two really dull spots, Peruvians and Rio Tintos, and these were due to special liquidation, and there was some recovery later. Japanese bonds continue to find favour, and, of course, there is the usual talk of the coming conversion scheme.

The "boom" in nitrate shares is quite a feature of the stock markets, the tendency now being to look for those shares which have not had a proportionate rise.

"DAILY MAIL"



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Remittances should be crossed "Crosses and Co.," and made payable to the Manager, *Daily Mirror*.

# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1905.

## A £50,000 GIFT.

THIS is the last of the three free days at the Crystal Palace. The *Daily Mirror's* party will come to an end to-night in a blaze of fireworks, a huge success we are convinced, judging by the results of yesterday and the day before.

Last year we saved our readers nearly £10,000 admission money. It was a clear gift of that sum—that is, if the admission money to the Palace is estimated at a shilling a head, but of a much larger sum if the real value of the performance is taken into account. For additions have been made to the programme as would justify an admission charge of five shillings.

On this basis we made to our readers last year a gift of £50,000.

We urge all our readers to go to-day. It is not that they will save a shilling, or five shillings, admission money, but that they will enjoy a collection of pleasures which they could not obtain anywhere else at any price at all.

It is the colored character of the entertainment, rather than the free admission, that brings the crowds. With such a programme the attendance would be huge even if the tickets were expensive.

But the only ticket necessary is the coupon you will find on the front page of to-day's *Daily Mirror*. Cut it out and use it!

A. K.

## GOOD NEWS FOR LUNATICS.

The revising barrister at Galgate, Lancashire, has decided that a lunatic who is a paying patient in an asylum is entitled to a vote.

This decision will be hailed with great delight by the political party which it most affects and whose ranks will be swelled at once by the addition of all the lunatics who are paying guests, and whose votes, of course, will be unanimous for this particular party.

It is not difficult for the reader to pick out which political party will benefit by the decision. A Liberal will see at once that a man who is quite crazy must necessarily vote a certain way. A Conservative will likewise be able to say off-hand how all lunatics entrusted with the franchise must make use of the ballot. Each will view his opinion with a certain amount of pleased complacency.

Is there any real reason why the feeble-minded should be deprived of a vote? We have them at large in the House of Commons, and no one objects very forcibly to their vapourings. We allow them to get up societies and companies and listen gravely to their absurdities. We let them air their views on diet, morals, religion, and we do not prevent them even from making laws. We put them on police-court benches to try motor-car summonses, and we do not tie their hands even if they begin to write plays. Why not also let them vote?

If all the lunatics in England were voters we should be able to assign to all meetings in asylums a number of political orators whose presence there would be appropriate. A reason would then exist for a quantity of political pamphlets which at present have no excuse for being.

The revising barrister at Galgate, in making this momentous decision in favour of lunatics, has earned the gratitude of his fellows everywhere.

A. K.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.—*Wellington*.

# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE name of Lord Randolph Churchill will once more be in everybody's mind when Mr. Winston Churchill brings out the life of his father, which he has been engaged upon for so long. As Mr. Augustine Birrell once remarked: "In politics people have short memories—and this is good for the politicians," but it is also sad for the politicians' friends who knew and admired them during the storms of their careers, and have to watch them being so quickly forgotten after death. If it had not been for Mr. Winston Churchill the memory of this meteoric statesman would be already very dim.

It is almost certain that Messrs. Longman will publish the life of Lord Randolph, for they were entrusted, during his lifetime, with the task of issuing his speeches in book form. The biography will no doubt explain many of the obscure incidents in Lord Randolph's career. The most amazing of all was, of course, his resignation in 1886. The truth is that he never got on well with the late Lord Salisbury, and though he claimed that his resignation was due to his desire for retrenchment, and his consequent inability to sanction the increased expenditure advocated by his chief, half of the impulse to take the fatal step was due to a suspicion that the latter had really lost the confidence of the country, and that he, Lord Randolph, the savior of the British working man, would be preferred before him.

can afford to do so, he has probably forsaken the old sport for the new. His most sensational cycling tour was, of course, his ride to Khiva—two thousand miles through a country relatively unexplored, peopled by wild nomadic tribes, to whom bicycles seemed infernal engines of destruction. One of the half-savage peasants who observed the machine (from a safe distance, lest it should explode) named it "Satan's equipage."

People naturally and feelingly informed Mr. Jefferson before he started on the most perilous part of his journey that he would be slain by the wild men amongst whom he was to pass. But, as a matter of fact, he had few attacks worth mentioning made upon him. Crossing the Kirghiz Steppe he was rather alarmed to see a troop of natives from an encampment riding hard towards him, brandishing their whips, and uttering blood-curdling yells, as though they had determined to tear the cyclist to pieces. Mr. Jefferson calmly dismounted and waited for them. It seemed, however, that their yells and whips were meant as a way of saying "How are you?" for they merely fingered the machine curiously and let the traveller pass on.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's statue of the late Mr. Gladstone, which is to be unveiled in the Strand next month, will not, like some of the sculptor's work, have been executed under any unusual difficulties. Mr. Thornycroft had plenty of oppor-

Mrs. Baillie of Dochford, Lady Macdonald of the Isles, the Earl of Ronaldshay, Earl Craven, Lord Clifton, Lord George Stewart Murray, Lord James Stewart Murray, Lord Alexander Thynne, the American Ambassador, Sir R. Macdonald, and General Kekewich. The sports and ball were an entire success.

One of the most picturesque incidents in Miss Alice Roosevelt's triumphal progress through Asia must have been the lunch which the Emperor of Korea gave in her honour. Miss Roosevelt must be envied by all her globe-trotting sisters in America. No king's daughter could travel more magnificently than she has done. To see all the wonders of the world in the most comfortable manner possible, and as the honoured guest of emperors and kings, is an experience which falls to few people in this dull world.

The Emperor of Korea, in spite of his high-sounding titles, is notoriously not an enviable person. He came to the throne when he was only twelve years old, and has been moved about as a pawn in the hands of political chess-players ever since. He married one of the most determined queens of the East. This unfortunate schemer's fate was a tragic one. As she absolutely refused to renounce an atom of the power she wielded over the King and country she was murdered in her room early one morning in 1895. Her blood still stains the royal apartment. Her body was burnt in the garden before the poor King could secure any relic but a finger; that he kept religiously in a coffin for a year, and then buried with all the magnificence of Eastern ritual.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

### COLLECTIONS IN CHURCH.

"H. H. F.'s" leaders have long been a constant delight to me. Their ruthless and vigorous denunciation is generally quite refreshing. But his article on collections in church shows an ignorance all the more appalling in one otherwise so well-informed.

Moreover, he has studiously refrained from stating the case impartially. The Twickenham vicar was indisputably correct when he said that people should give what they could afford. For all the money collected in churches is for the furtherance of Christianity, and "God loveth a cheerful giver." To say that a man should give what he considers the service worth is as absurd as it is illogical. Worship does not mean giving; it means giving.

LAYMAN.

### MR. STEAD AND THE TSAR.

Although much interested in your leader about Mr. Stead in his new part as the Tsar's Press agent, I cannot agree with you that the Englishman's presence in Russia will really be the means of bringing about any "renaissance" in that afflicted country.

Mr. Stead, as you aptly put it, has been "added to the Tsar's collection of advisers." That means simply that the Tsar will take his advice, as he always takes everybody else's, by fits and starts, and that his generally confused mental condition will only be worse confounded by the new influence. He is simply unable to follow any one line of policy with consistency and determination.

CHANCERY-LANE. SCEPTICAL.

### "OLD MAIDS" AS NURSES.

I do not know if "E. B." is a man or a woman, but I do not agree with his (or her) article, "The Baby and the Old Maid."

I am the mother of two girls aged eleven and twelve, and I know my motherhood did not teach me how to bring them up, and the chief help I have had has been from the books of Dr. Pye-Chavasse and Herbert Spencer.

Again, "old maids" generally do, as a matter of fact, "bring up" boys until they go to a preparatory school, and for girls, whether as nurses, governesses, and governess or schoolmistress, we have a spinster also.

A MOTHER.

### THE COLLAR QUESTION.

Rough edges in collars are caused by machine ironing. If "C. J. S." and "C. G." would find a laundryman to iron by hand they would not have anything to complain of.

I have tried both ironing machines and hand, and find the majority of customers prefer hand work, which turns out the linen a beautiful white instead of a dirty yellow polish, and absolutely prevents rough edges.

A LAUNDREYMAN.

### IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Lovely autumn weather, sunny and almost windless, is splendid for the garden. Roses, dahlias, sunflowers still put forth perfect blossoms.

The beautiful early chrysanthemums are now flowering. For garden decoration and for cutting these are indispensable subjects, producing as they do blossoms until November is half over—not the massive blossoms of paeonies, but charming clusters of bright flowers.

Early chrysanthemums should be given a rather poor soil to grow in; yet require nourishment when their buds are opening.

E. F. T.

## LIFE INSURANCE, AMERICAN STYLE.



Recent revelations show that the directors of some American life insurance companies spend large parts of the concerns' assets on themselves.

And certainly at the moment when he resigned Lord Randolph seemed to have plunged the Government into a pretty confusion. Who was to bring in the Budget of the following year? It was already December, and a Chancellor of approved ability was essential. Fortunately for the Government Lord Goschen accepted the position, and Lord Randolph, you may remember, when he heard the news at the Carlton Club made that famous confession of defeat: "I and forgotten Goschen!" People may think, as they look back upon it all, that Lord Randolph over-estimated his own abilities, but they forget what an immense influence he had, during the early 'eighties, in every corner of the country.

His appearance on any platform in the north of England was greeted by a storm of cheering indicative of a popularity that could only belong to a really powerful man. There is a story which I do not think has appeared in print before to the effect that someone asked the late Lord Salisbury, while Lord Randolph was present, to give him some information about the state of popular feeling in the north, in view of an approaching election. The Prime Minister pointed to Lord Randolph and said, "You had better ask him—he is more powerful than I."

The news that Mr. R. L. Jefferson has started on his journey by motor-car to Constantinople will remind the world of the extraordinary prowess which he used to show as a cyclist before motor-cars came into fashion. Now, like most cyclists who

tunity of observing the great statesman, and will not, therefore, have to rely upon other people's descriptions of him. In the case of his statue of General Gordon, he had to find out how useless other people are if you want to get a correct account of a man's appearance. The first person he approached in that case was Gordon's brother, who said: "He was a fine, soldierly fellow, stalwart, well set-up, and erect."

With this description in his mind, Mr. Thornycroft went to an officer who had fought with Gordon, and been his faithful friend for many years, and asked him for a "personal portrait." "Certainly," said the man. "He was a rather humped-backed, insignificant-looking man—something like this"—and he crouched into a vaguely crushed and furtive posture. So the sculptor, in despair, gave up consulting people, and turned to the few photographs of Gordon which he could obtain.

Brilliant weather has favoured the opening of the Northern Meeting—the great social event of the Highlands—and Inverness is crowded with those who attended the athletic games which preceded the ball in the evening. The stands in the park were filled with a crowd of distinguished people. The killed Highland noblemen in charge of the sports included Lord Lovat, Sir Hector Munro of Foulis, The Mackintosh, and Lord Dunmore. Amongst the ladies present were—Princess Sophia Duleep Singh, the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburgh, the Countess of Craven, the Countess-Dowager of Moray, Countess Ida Metaxa, Hon-





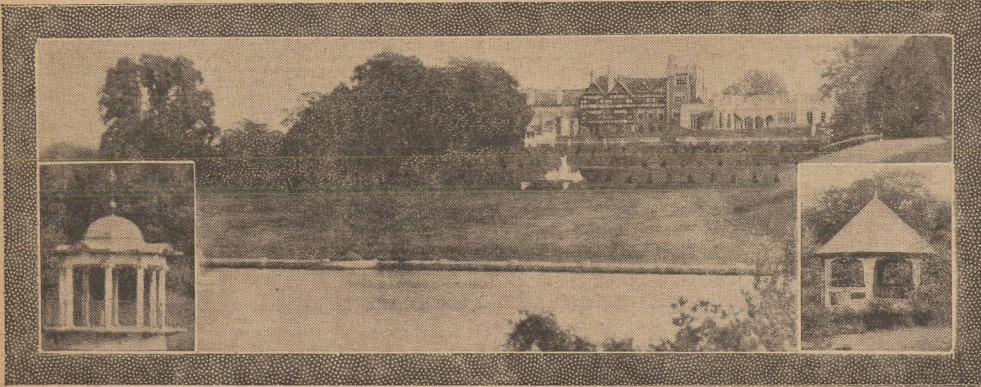
## LAST FREE DAY AT



## THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOR



WHITAKER WRIGHT'S ESTATE TO BE A RACECOURSE.



Lea Park, the magnificent Surrey estate of the late Whitaker Wright, over which he spent nearly £500,000, is, it is hoped, to be converted into a racecourse for steeplechasing. The house itself, seen in the photograph, will be used as a club. The small insets show, on the left, the entrance to the famous smoking-room under the lake, and that on the right the old Roman bath.

### CLERGYMAN ACTOR.



Rev. C. Ernest Thorn, of Peckham, who will appear to-night at the Crown Theatre.

### "MISS CROWTHER" DEAD.



Miss Crowther, the huge gorilla which recently spent a few unhappy days at the Zoo, has not long survived her departure from London. She died on board the Graf Waldersee on the way to the United States, from tuberculosis.

### PRODIGY'S HOLIDAY.



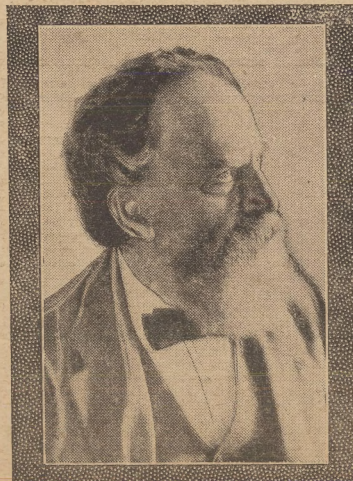
Franz von Vecsey, the wonderful child violinist, about to take a dip at Ostend.

### LONDON'S MOORISH MARKET.



The new Moorish market, which has been built in Fashion-street, Spitalfields. It is hoped that this bright Continental market-place will take the place of grimy "Petticoat-lane."

### TSAR'S ORGANISER.



Mr. W. T. Stead, the well-known journalist, who has been appointed by the Tsar to organise political meetings throughout Russia.—(E. H. Mills.)

### LADY VIO



Lady Violet Watt, whose husband, Mr. Watt, is charged with inciting to murder the w

### TO-DAY'S



Miss Evelyn Skewes-Cox, daughter of Sir Thomas Skewes-Cox, M.P., who will be married to-day to—



"DAILY MIRROR"  
READERS

TO-DAY,  
(SATURDAY).

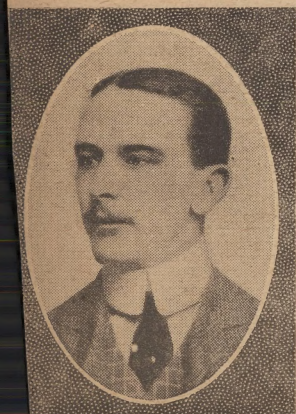
ET WATT.

TO BE SEEN FREE AT CRYSTAL PALACE TO-DAY.



h Watt, ex-M.P. for Glasgow, has been  
on whom he was divorced.—(Lafayette.)

WEDDING.



Mr. Eric Mosley Mayne at St.  
Matthew's Church, Richmond Hill,  
Surrey.



Dr. W. G. Grace, who will captain the Lon-  
don County C.C. team against Bromley at  
the Crystal Palace to-day.



The Crystal Palace team which will play in the Southern League match against  
Leyton to-day on the Crystal Palace ground.



Mr. John Bardsley, the well-  
known tenor, who will sing  
"The Death of Nelson" to-day.



Miss Annette Kellermann, the famous lady Channel swimmer, who  
has been specially engaged, and will appear at half-past two this  
afternoon.



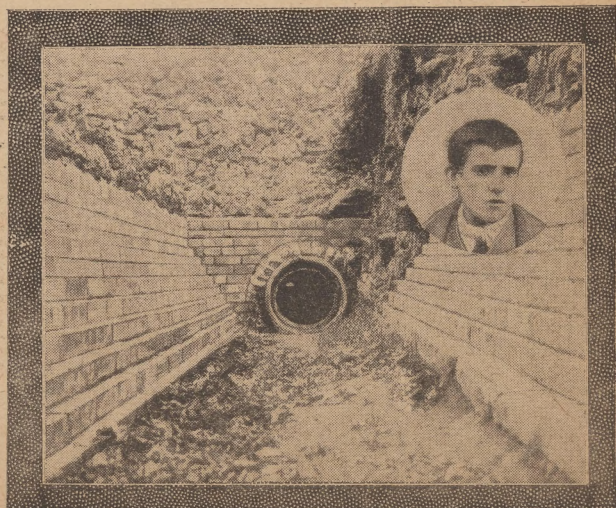
Miss Ella Zuila, the champion  
lady high wire walker, who will  
perform on a wire 200ft. above  
the ground to-day.

BRIGHTON'S UNIONIST CANDIDATE



Captain Tryon, son of the late Admiral  
Tryon, who has been adopted as Unionist  
candidate for Brighton.—(Langfieri.)

WORKHOUSE BOY'S ESCAPADES.



William Davis, a thirteen-year-old boy, in Staines Workhouse, has escaped six  
times. The photograph shows a culvert twenty-five yards long, through which he  
crawled, and the small inset is of the boy himself.



# ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

These were honourable men in their generations.  
—Ecclesiastes.

Dick sent an urgent message to his father, asking him to come up and dine with him at the castle, and told Lord Blaquart, immediately on his arrival, about the finding of the ring.

"Don't you think, sir," he asked, "that this proves plainly that she went of her own accord and with the intention of severing herself at once and completely from me and from my life? She left behind her this symbol that there was any kind of union between herself and my family."

The old peer puffed thoughtfully at his cigar for a few moments, and then he answered his son's question with another.

"How do you account for the fact that you only found the ring to-day?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose I never happened to look there before."

"Was it in a prominent position?"

"Yes, it was, or other. Just in front of my little travelling clock."

"Is that the only clock in the room?"

"Yes."

"Then, consciously or unconsciously, you must have looked at it many times during the last fortnight. Why, then, didn't you see the paper that contained the ring?"

"What are you driving at, sir?"

"I think this proves that there is someone who is, at least partially, in the secret of Fay's disappearance. I think that is why you did not find the ring until to-day. It was not placed there until to-day. Has nothing occurred to give you any clue as to who this person may be?"

"Well," said Dick eagerly, "curiously enough, the elderly German woman, who was her personal attendant, and I believe her most trusted servant, left the castle to-day."

"Then look for her," said Lord Blaquart quickly, "and I believe you'll have a clue."

"I never thought of connecting the two incidents," Dick went on slowly. "I did not think anything at all about the woman leaving."

"What reason did she give?"

"According to Mrs. Gardiner, who came and told me, she was very much upset and distressed, fearing that something had happened to her mistress. And she said she was afraid it was no use her staying, especially as her mother was ill and needed her."

"Have her followed, Dick! She's probably joined her mistress. A servant so trusted and faithful would never give up hope so soon."

Dick was very much impressed by the idea.

"I do believe you're right, sir," he said. "I'll let the detectives know at once, and about the ring, too." His face darkened with a shadow of disgust. "And I shall ask them to communicate with Swindover," he added. "I'm indeed sick of these hideous scenes; I can't stand his accusations and his ravings. I'm so afraid I shall do him some bodily injury if I see much more of him. It's an extraordinary thing—the man must be fond of his daughter, he must be fearfully anxious about her, and yet one can't feel the slightest sympathy with him."

"He is much more furious than anxious," said Lord Blaquart, with a reflection of his son's disgusted expression in his fine old eyes. "I suppose we can't understand what it means to him. Wherever the poor girl is, whatever has become of her, she's as good as dead to him as long as she is not here, so that he cannot reap the benefits that he has paid so heavily for. What they were supposed to be, Heaven knows!" added the proud old man. "If he valued our name at so high a price, then he should be satisfied, for he has bought it, and his daughter is your wife. But suppose he wanted tangible things, and then functions, entertainments, all his senseless ostentation quadrupled in her person and in her manner of life. From what I was able to observe of her character, he would have been disappointed, anyhow."

"If he feels as you think, sir," asked Dick, "why won't he take back what has been given? I've offered it back to him often enough."

"I suppose that he really believes she will come back, or be traced. Remember, Dick, you have always held to that theory yourself. If she has gone of her own accord, it is very reasonable to suppose that one day she will come back. And then he thinks his dreams will be realised."

"Meanwhile, my dear governor, can you imagine a more awkward position for two men to be in than we are!" cried Dick resentfully. "It was hard enough to sell one's-self, but at least one knew that one gave more than one received. But now, to have to accept all this at the man's hands, to be obliged to be civil to him, and to have practically paid nothing—it is monstrous. To be suspected into the bargain, for I am sure he believes I've had something to do with her disappearance. Anyhow, he's said it often enough, and in no unmeasured terms. It's upset the whole of my life. What am I to do, what can I do? Hang on here, feeling that I'm living on the brute's charity, waiting for a woman who may never turn up, who's probably laughing in her sleeve at the other end of the world! It's a nice position, isn't it? Sort of thing to increase a man's self respect! It makes me wild to think of it. I don't know what I am, what I have a right to, what is expected of me; I'm hanged if I know what I expect of myself."

"After all," said his father, "you've fulfilled

the condition. You have married Swindover's daughter."

"My dear governor," interrupted Dick, with a rueful laugh, "that is a mere quibble."

"Yes," said the old peer, sighing, "I suppose it is."

There was a silence for a few moments; both men lighting fresh cigars. Lord Blaquart let his gaze travel round the delightful little room, with its soft-toned tapestries, that told the tale of valiant deeds, performed by Danger-villes long dead and gone, its old cabinets, its tapestried chairs, its painted ceiling, that told another tale of a bygone hero, and represented a certain *Sieur Guy de Dangerville de Balliole* in a kind of godlike apotheosis. The old peer's eyes rested gratefully, proudly, lovingly on each object in the room, on a lovely pastel of his great-grandmother that stood on a gilded oval, on a magnificent pair of rock crystal and golden ewers that had been the gift of a King of France. His fine nostrils quivered as he drank in the faint, far-away perfume that hangs about such rooms, more penetrating than the smoke of his cigar, more individual than any other scent in the world, the aroma that clings about the relics of a great and splendid past.

To tell the truth, he was completely indifferent to Swindover and his daughter. Beyond hoping that no harm had come to the girl, he could not bring himself to care what had become of her. Both she and her father, after all, were what he had always been—among the people who did not exist, not even as specks on the far horizon of a Blaquart de Balliol. He would perhaps not have put this into words, but it existed all the same.

It was Dick's youth that made him feel so differently. The father could not enter into that spirit that taunted the young man unceasingly with a base surrender, a wasted life, a feeling of incompleteness that would not be shaken off.

Dick's face grew gloomier and gloomier, as he pursued his train of thought, but presently he broke the silence with a sharp exclamation, and a strange look that had something almost illuminating in its suddenness, came into his eyes. He leaned forward and threw his half-smoked cigar into the fire.

"I say, governor, an idea has just come to me. I wonder it never struck me before. Of course, I've never mentioned this to a soul, because it was a purely private conversation, but I don't see any harm in telling you now. Perhaps you'll be able to make something of it. My mind's all in a muddle. I don't even seem able to think. It's just this. She—Fay—is in love with some chap."

Lord Blaquart raised his eyes eagerly, all attention.

"How do you know?"

"She told me herself. It was a very weird conversation, and rather embarrassing. You know, I never could understand why she was marrying me, because, when all's said and done, she wasn't a bit like her father, and—well, she lived in a different world, and I wasn't ass enough to imagine that she hadn't had much better chances, if you look at it only from the point of view of title and rank, and what I was so curious about it that I asked her once, and she told me that she had private reasons of her own, and, quite politely but firmly, that they didn't concern me in the least. That made it all the more mysterious. Well, one evening we happened to be alone together—it was the night we signed the contract, by the way, and she was very queer—puzzled, even unusual, and talked to me a great deal about how entirely separate our lives were to be, and how she would go abroad almost immediately, after our marriage, and how entirely free I was to be to live my own life as I chose. Well, then I asked her again what she was doing for—"

"And she told you?"

"First she spoke of me—she spoke of—of Sabra. Somebody must have told her, or she guessed. She said that I was marrying her because I loved someone and lost that someone, and didn't care what happened, and then she said that she was marrying me for the same reason."

"And why do you tell me this?" asked Lord Blaquart.

"That, perhaps, she has gone to join this—this man she loved."

"But why, in Heaven's name, should she have married you first? If she only meant to go through a formal ceremony, what reason could she have had for it? We can't assume that she was a philanthropist; that she meant to give you back your inheritance and then to vanish out of your life."

"I don't know," said Dick. "Only the thought came to me, and I wondered whether you would be able to make anything out of it."

"No, I certainly can't. She was a very unusual girl, but not so eccentric that she would marry one man and then go off and join another without the faint shadow of reason. Dick, my dear boy—I do hope—"

But the old peer's words were interrupted by a light knock at the door, and an invitation to enter revealed Father Gervase standing in the doorway.

"Now, this is kind of you, Father Gervase," exclaimed Dick with the utmost cordiality. "You have come to have a chat before we turn in."

"Such was not my intention, Mr. Dangerville," replied the priest. "I came to ask you to give me a few minutes' conversation, and my object was to ask you if you do not think it advisable for me to take my departure."

Dick looked a little taken aback. To find the precisely fitting answer to the priest's question was

(Continued on page 13.)

# THE SECRET.

**SHE:** When I said I would come and have luncheon here you promised to tell me your secret.

**HE:** You are so impatient; if a thing is of any real value it is worth waiting for. What joint will you have?

**SHE:** That saddle of mutton which the man in white is wheeling round the room looks very tempting.

**HE:** He shall bring it here. Do you know this is the best place in the world for what is called a "cut off the joint."

**SHE:** I daresay, but why don't you tell me your secret? I am not a child, you know.

**HE:** No, my dear cousin, but, like all your charming sex, you cannot await the logical sequence of events; for instance, if I had asked for the cheese before ordering this excellent saddle of mutton the luncheon would have lost all its interest.

**SHE:** Thank you. I suppose my company doesn't come into the calculation?

**HE:** It does very much, but you are really thinking more of the secret than of my society.

**SHE:** Is this the place you said was 200 years old? How brimful of memories it must be!

**HE:** There was an interesting article by Colonel Newnham Davis in the "Daily Mail" a little time ago, when he said the associations of the place went back to goodness knows when.

**SHE:** You have brought me here to tell me a secret. I believe it is something to do with cooking.

**HE:** Would that interest you? Is a knowledge of the gentle art of cooking an object of a British maiden's ambition?

**SHE:** Yes, very much. I really want to know all about this old dining place and how the cooking is done.

**HE:** What a delicious saddle of mutton! It is quite wonderful how they get such tender meat.

**SHE:** I am told it requires a very expert eye to detect meat which, although of good appearance, will not be satisfactory at table.

**HE:** Yes, I know. Here comes the Manager, let us hear what he says. [Asks him.]

**MANAGER:** The secret of our success is very simple. Each joint is specially selected from the finest meat.

**SHE:** Is that the reason your joints are so tender?

**MANAGER:** It is one reason; but, to have your meat tender, the joints must be well hung.

**HE:** But meat, I believe, loses considerably in weight by hanging, and butchers naturally desire to sell their joints as quickly after killing as possible.

**SHE:** Yes, and we have no facilities for hanging meat at home; even if we had, one would be obliged to order one's dinners for days ahead!

**MANAGER:** That is the difficulty in families. At Simpson's in the Strand, where the large daily consumption of joints is a known and regular quantity, it is an easy matter to have well-hung meat. During the present year we have served over 10,000 joints.

**SHE:** May I ask how you cook them?

**MANAGER:** Certainly, Madam. The fire is the secret. A large open fire is absolutely indispensable, and it must be sufficiently large for every portion of the joint to face the centre or "red" fire, which will give a steady and ascertained heat during the whole time the joint is revolving and being cooked.

**HE:** A first-rate plain cook once told me that "basting" was of great importance. Is that so?

**MANAGER:** That is quite right. Until some satisfactory mechanical contrivance shall be discovered, the "basting" must be continuously done by some special person who unceasingly "lards" the joints with the boiling fat which falls from them into the dripping pan.

**SHE:** Well, that would be quite impossible at home.

**HE:** Then, I suppose, the joint must be quickly served?

**MANAGER:** Exactly. Not more than one minute should elapse from the time the joint is taken from the "spit" until it appears at table. And it should be continuously carved until finished.

**HE:** I have noticed that one is never kept waiting here.

**MANAGER:** No. The travelling joint wagon is moved from customer to customer with great regularity until the joint is replaced by another from the kitchen.

**SHE:** The joint always looks in excellent cut and fresh from the fire.

**MANAGER:** Our customers like to see the joint at their side, and to give requests to the carver as to how they like it served.

**SHE:** Yes, I just heard that gentleman at the next table say, "Another piece of brown fat, please, Carver."

**HE:** Do you take the same trouble about your fish?

**MANAGER:** We should never keep our trade if we failed to do so. Fish must be carefully selected from the supplies which reach Billingsgate from the seaside markets where fish is consigned to London which has been caught the same day.

**SHE:** I believe a great deal of fish is kept on ice?

**HE:** That is why it is so flavourless.

**MANAGER:** Fish is kept on ice in steam trawlers for days, and sometimes weeks. You cannot depend upon fish like that for flavour.

Then, again, great care must be taken not to purchase immature fish.

**HE:** That salmon the carver is cutting is a beauty, the skin is like silver, and that "mottled" fish is always a sign of a fine flavour.

**MANAGER:** Yes; that fish came from the Dee, in Aberdeen, and it is in perfect condition. You can see it is a fresh-run fish.

**SHE:** I suppose salmon vary very much?

**MANAGER:** They do, indeed, madam, and the selection is most important. A great many which are sent to London are not in proper condition.

**HE:** Look at this potato! I never get one like this. Is it the potato, or is it the cooking?

**SHE:** Yes, I wonder.

**MANAGER:** Do you boil your potatoes or steam them, madam.

**SHE:** We boil them.

**MANAGER:** Ah! As, on an average, seventy-five per cent. of the composition of all potatoes is water, you will see that in cooking them care should be taken not to make them more watery. They should be steamed, and they must, like meat, be cooked to a turn to have their proper flavour and delicacy.

**HE:** I suppose you get your vegetables from Covent Garden?

**MANAGER:** Yes, we are only a few yards from Covent Garden, which gives us an unlimited supply of fresh vegetables, only the evening before gathered from market gardens, and in the early hours of the morning a selection is made of the vegetables for which Simpson's in the Strand is so renowned.

**HE:** I have noticed that you make a feature of your vegetables.

**MANAGER:** It is one of the traditions of Simpson's that no plain dinner of English fare is complete without a plentiful supply in season of French Beans, Green Peas, Cauliflowers, Spinach, and New Potatoes.

**SHE:** I believe the importance of the vegetable cooking is in too many families overlooked.

**HE:** What a splendid Cheddar this is. I have never eaten a finer one.

**MANAGER:** We pride ourselves on our English Cheeses—Stilton and Cheddar. The Cheddars now in cut are some of the finest we ever had, and took the first prize at the Somerset Dairy Show.

**HE:** I must have a glass of port with it. Have you anything very good?

**MANAGER:** Yes, an unusually fine bin of 1851 Port. It was bottled at Hatfield Peveril, in Essex, in 1855, and remained in the same bin until it was removed here in 1892.

**HE:** Now for the bill. Good gracious! Do you mean to say you only charge half-a-crown for dinner from the joint, including vegetables, bread, butter, cheese, and salad? It is wonderful. By the way, you were right about the port; it is splendid.

**MANAGER:** Thank you, Sir. May I just say that Simpson's is open on Sundays from 6 p.m., and many of our customers bring family parties on Sunday evenings when their cooks are off duty.

**SHE:** Your secret has been most interesting and useful. I shall go away feeling quite an authority on English plain cooking.



GO TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE FREE TO-DAY.



To-day is the last of the great three days' free invitation to "Daily Mirror" readers to the Crystal Palace. The photograph shows one of the many amusements awaiting visitors.

## SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning  
Current Events.

### Profiting by Potato Blight.

Though many people will read with concern yesterday's reports that the potato blight in England seems likely to make serious ravages on the crops, to millers and bakers trading in rural districts the news forebodes prospects of increased trade in the coming winter. Farm labourers and their families eat so many potatoes when they have a good supply that they hardly want any bread at all.

### Vancouver's New "Discoverer."

The resources of Vancouver have made a great impression upon Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who yesterday concluded a special visit to the island. Coal, magnificent forests, and fisheries are its chief resources. The Douglas pine is famous for the splendid supplies of timber it yields. The island was discovered in 1592 by Juan de Fuca, and in 1778 Captain Cook roughly surveyed the coast.

### Crystal Palace Marvels.

Daily Mirror guests at the Crystal Palace can, if they wish, walk for a little over half a mile entirely under glass, so enormous is the area covered by the building. But until December 31, 1890, when the whole of the northern transept was destroyed by fire, this distance extended to three-quarters of a mile. If the panes of glass were laid side by side they would stretch a distance of forty-eight miles; if placed end to end they would extend a length of 242 miles. Six thousand pounds a year is spent on the mere maintenance and repair of the building, and in the summer as many as 1,500 people are employed in it.

### Kissing More Dangerous in Winter.

Enumerating a few of the ways by which disease is unintentionally spread, a writer in yesterday's issue of the "British Medical Journal" calls attention once again to the danger of kissing. He does not mention, however, that the practice is attended by far greater risk in winter than in summer. Investigations by the New York Health Commission have established the fact that whereas the pneumonia microbe has an average life of only eleven days in hot weather, it will live as many as thirty-five days in cold weather. The Commissioners have just issued a bulletin to warn the public of the result of their investigations.

### Weird Bequest.

The bequest of the late General Isaac Wistar, of Philadelphia, who, according to a cablegram from New York yesterday, has left his brain and right arm—the latter an interesting specimen of ankylosis—to an institute of anatomy and biology, recalls the extraordinary directions left in his will by a Mr. Sanborn, of Boston, as to the disposal of his body. He bequeathed it with the sum of £1,000 to the famous French scientist, Professor Agassiz, who was to have the testator's skin converted into two drumsticks and two of his bones into drum-sticks. The balance of Mr. Sanborn's fortune was left to a friend, on condition that on every 17th of June he should repair to the foot of Bunker's Hill, and as the sun rose, beat on the drum the stirring strains of "Yankee Doodle."

### Church and Stage.

The announcement that a Peckham Congregational minister is to take part for "one night only" in the musical comedy, "The Swiss Express," at a local theatre is one more sign of the growing tendency of ministers of religion to lay aside the prejudice which they once exhibited towards the

### MISS LUTINA ACQUITTED.



Amid a scene of extraordinary enthusiasm, Miss Aida Lutina, the young teacher of elocution, was acquitted at Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday of a charge of misconduct in Bloomsbury.

stage. One of the most remarkable examples of the association of Church and stage is provided by a melodrama now drawing enormous houses at the McVickers Theatre, Chicago, the Drury Lane of that city. The play was written by a Chicago clergyman, the Rev. John Snyder, and is entitled "As Ye Sow." It bristles with sensational "situations," but points, of course, a forcible moral, and is said to have strikingly influenced many of the audience. Mr. Snyder appears before the curtain nightly to explain his "mission" on the stage.

### Eddystone Problem.

A novel and highly interesting point, says "Syren and Shipping," has been raised by the capture and conviction of two French fishing boats at Plymouth for breach of the three-mile limit. Does the rock or reef on which the Eddystone Lighthouse stands constitute an island, and may it be legally regarded as such? We do not know that the question has ever been asked before, at least, to the extent of contesting it, and if it were now brought before the Courts, a good many of us would be the wiser. For it is unquestionably the fact that if the Eddystone cannot be legally described as an island, the conviction of the two French boats referred to is an abuse and miscarriage of justice, as the Frenchmen were admittedly more than the three-mile limit from the furthest point of the mainland.

### The Glamis Mystery.

Last night the Earl of Strathmore disclosed to his heir the secret of the Castle of Glamis. A suggestion has been made that the mystery of the Castle is of commonplace origin, and that the grim stories told of the terrible nature of the secret which Lord Glamis, now that he has come of age, must share are not to be credited. But visitors to the castle have on occasions had experiences which fully support the reputation for mysterious occurrences which it has borne for centuries. A correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" tells how a friend of his was standing with other guests, just before dinner, at the end of the great dining-hall at Glamis, when they were on the point of moving in to dinner, a playing-card fluttered down from the ceiling. Before their host put his foot upon it this gentleman had time to see that it was the nine of diamonds, "the curse of Scotland." It was apparently, adds the writer, accepted by those present as an occurrence usual to the place, but on which it was good form to make no remark.

## WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

ENTIRELY OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

The Latest and Cheapest Piano-Player.

## "HUMANOLA"

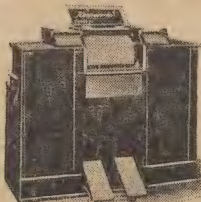
THE MOST PERFECT YET CONSTRUCTED.

A "HUMANOLA" FREE to "Daily Mirror" visitors to the Crystal Palace to-day.  
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£25 NET  
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—OR—  
18/- PER  
MONTH.

With presentation of £2 (two pounds) actual worth of music rolls to each customer free.



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With presentation of £2 (two pounds) actual worth of music rolls to each customer free.

**METZLER & CO., Ltd.** 40, 43, Great Marlborough St.,  
REGENT ST., LONDON, W.  
And of all Principal Music Dealers.

### THIS IS THE OFFER—

The "Humanola," as advertised above, with £2 worth of Music, will be given to whomsoever guesses the correct number of internal parts of which it is composed. The correct number is in a sealed envelope in the possession of the Editor of the "Daily Mirror," and the result will be announced in these columns on Saturday, September 30, 1905. If more than one Coupon contains the correct number, all such will be put together and the prize drawn for, but all those who guess the number correctly will be entitled to claim within three months from this date a "Humanola" at £25 with £2 worth of Music (instead of £2) thus £25 worth of free Music will be given to every purchaser who guesses correctly.

This coupon, when filled up, must be cut out and left with the attendant at Metzler's Stand at the Pompeian Court, Crystal Palace. For the information of those not conversant with such instruments it may be a guide to know that, for instance, 139 would be well under the figure, and 7,350 would be considerably over it.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

ADDRESS .....

I guess that the total  
number of parts in the  
"Humanola" } IS {

### PERSONAL.

1 X 2.—Expect shall be up Saturday, 12, returning at 3.20. WILL you meet Wednesday evening about nine?—PARK. YOUR letter quite enigmatical. Be plain for once. (20th). MAY.—Was message Mabelle coincidence? What did you expect?

MYRTLE.—Monday, Bromley; write, 164; when meet, where. YOUR 2.—

"PROFESSOR LOEB," discovered Lincolin Liment—the 5-minutes pain cure. NEVER. Never again such hint, dearest! When shock deadened, try forgive here. Wednesday's delayed. Beware imitations.—DANTE.

WIDOW approved (requested) account, personally. Said —cat crazed. I prevented stealing. Instant slanders everywhere—else! Not third-paid! Proof!—CAUSE.

### AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

**CRYSTAL PALACE. BAND FESTIVAL.**  
Do not miss the Grand Annual BRASS BAND FESTIVAL and CONTEST. On SATURDAY, September 30th, Next.

**THE GREAT ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.**  
Olympia, will be OPENED on MONDAY, Sept. 25th, by the LORD MAYOR, who will be accompanied by the Sheriff. This will be one of the largest and most comprehensive Exhibitions of its kind ever held in any part of the World, the site of the immense building being filled with Exhibits appertaining to Electricity for Lighting, Heating, Power, etc. Open from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Admission 6d. Lectures and Demonstrations by eminent authorities at intervals (free). Cafe Chantant every evening in the Annex (free).

**PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON, 1905.—EXHIBITION OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.** 6a, Pall Mall East (near National Gallery). Daily, 10 to 6. Wednesdays and Saturdays 7 to 9.30 p.m. also. Admission 1s.

### MUNICIPAL, ETC.

**COUNTY ASYLUM, MELTON, SUFFOLK.**  
WANTED. A FEMALE COOK. Must have had experience in a large institution; age not over 40; wages to commence at £32, with board, including beer, lodging, washing and uniform; an annual increase of £2 at the end of the first year, afterwards with an annual increase of £1 up to £38.—Applications, with copies of three recent testimonials, to be sent to the Medical Superintendent.

### RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

**G.W.R.**  
**NEWBURY RACES.**  
FIRST MEETING, SEPTEMBER 26 and 27.

STATION ADJOINS THE COURSE.  
COVERED WAY TO GRAND STAND.  
EACH DAY SPECIAL FAST TRAINS (1st and 3rd class).  
PADDDINGTON. Dep. 11.15 a.m., 11.32, 11.50, 12.05 p.m., 12.20, 12.33 p.m.

NEWBURY. Dep. 4.5 p.m., 4.30, 4.55, 5.5, 5.10 5.15, 5.30 p.m.  
(a) MEMBERS ONLY, 1st Class. (b) 1st Class only.

JOURNEY 60 MINUTES EACH WAY.

EACH DAY DIRECT EXPRESS TO NEWBURY (from Victoria (S.E. and C.) 11.23 a.m., Clapham Junction 11.23, Battersea 11.34, Chelsea and Fulham 11.37, West Brompton 11.40, Addison Road 11.45, Uxbridge Road 11.50 a.m., returning to PADDDINGTON.

FARES.  
SEPTEMBER 26 and 27, to } FIRST 10/- THIRD 5/-  
return same day }  
SEPTEMBER 28, to return } FIRST 15/- THIRD 7/6  
September 27

For full information of ORDINARY SERVICE booking from METROPOLITAN and HAMMERSMITH and CITY STATIONS, etc., see bill or send postcard to ENQUIRY OFFICE, PADDDINGTON STATION, W. TELEPHONE: 552 PADDDINGTON.

JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

**MOROCCO, MADEIRA, CANARY ISLANDS.**  
The ss. MOROCCO (2,800 tons) will sail from London on 28th inst. for DARTMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, TANGIER, and five other ports in Morocco, MADEIRA, TENERIFE, and LAS PALMAS.  
Twenty-four days round voyage. 20 guineas inclusive. Doctor and Stewards carried.  
Sailings every Thursday.  
Illustrated handbook, "s" gratis, etc., from FORB. WOOD BROS. and CO., 46, St. Mary Axe, E.C.2, or from the Offices of Messrs. THOS. COOK and SON.

How to get a Dainty FREE  
Sample of Cadbury's Cocoa.

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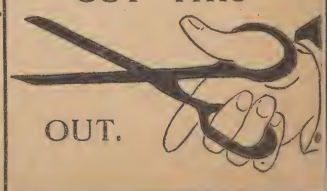
**CADBURY BROS., LTD.,**  
Bourville, Birmingham,  
and in return they will forward  
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Cadbury's Cocoa.

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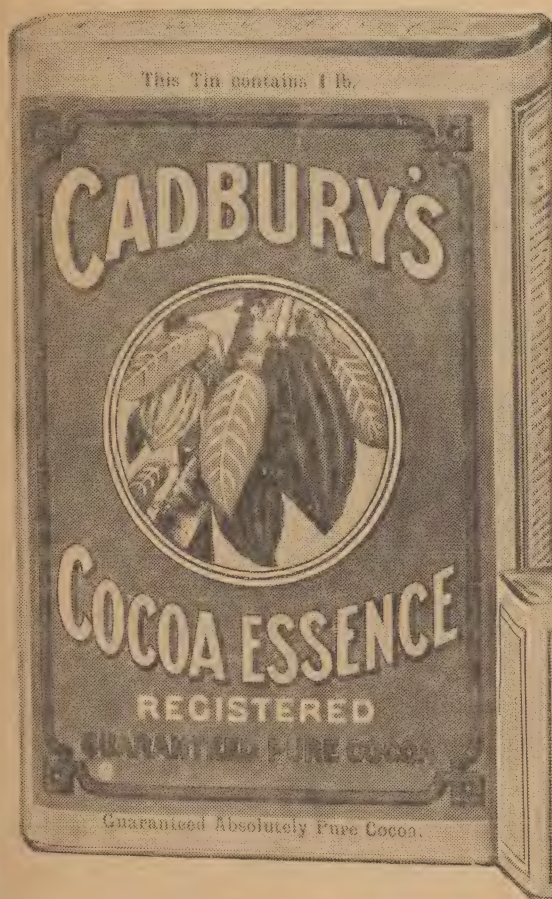


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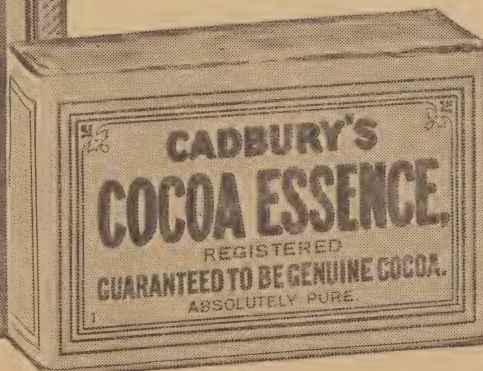


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Made in model buildings situated in a healthy  
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**CADBURY'S**

guarantee their Cocoa of the same quality  
that has secured reputation in the past.



## A NEW KIND OF PICTURE FOR THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### PRIZE AWARDS.

#### EXPLANATIONS CONCERNING THE NEW COMPETITION.

I am very glad to be able to say that the painting competition is vastly appreciated by our small competitors, for this week the number of pictures sent in was even larger than usual. But as variety is always charming, and all children are not

next week the girls will be more successful. Thank you, George, for your good wishes.

The following children our artist has picked out for honourable mentions: Minnie Leach, The Star, North Moreton, near Wallingford, Berks; Jack Lowe, 147, Wheatley-place, Hanley, Staffs; Harold Wright, 24, Steade-road, Sharrow, Sheffield; Ruby Moss, 31, Kempstead-road, Camberwell, S.E., who writes me a nice letter. I think, Ruby, you have painted your picture very well, and hope that you will continue to compete and will win a prize soon. To continue the honourable mentions, there are in the list: Hilda Smith, Elm Lodge, Worcester Park, Surrey; Kathleen Barton, 2, Essendine-mansions, Elgin-avenue; Dorothy Farnsworth, 8, Cranmer-grove, Cranmer-street, Nottingham; Marjory C. Forrest, Ravensholt, Harrow-on-the-Hill; Beryl Knechtie, 7, Birch-grove, Lee, Kent; Gwendoline Stebler, 10, Market-place, Driffield, E. Yorks; Muriel Emsley Dyster, 45, Eastwood-road, Goodmayes, Ilford, Essex; Mollie Joyce Tidy, Grasmere, Rosendale-road, West Dulwich,

S.E.; Dorothy Goodyer, 6, Loraine-mansions, Widdenham-road, Holloway, N.; William Matthews, 26, Elthreeda-road, Hither Green, Lewisham; and Freddie Booth, 176, Dame Agnes-street, Nottingham. Freddie coloured his picture in chalks while he was in bed, for he is just recovering from a severe illness. I hope he will soon be quite well. He is only five years old, and has worked hard at his picture. I trust he will compete again.

The competition this week is a cutting-out one, only, please, dear children, do not cut yourselves. Borrow some scissors and very carefully cut the blackened pieces out of the picture, then move them about until you think you have discovered the animal they represent, after which paste the pieces together on a slip of paper to form the animal. We shall take neatness as well as accuracy into consideration when awarding the prizes.

Competitors should send in their contributions addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up till the first post on Wednesday morning, September 27.



A useful hat made of Burgundy-red felt, bound at the edge of the brim and round the crown with black velvet, and trimmed with multi-coloured wings of bronze-blue, red, and many brown shades.

artists, we are giving another kind of competition this week.

The first prize of 5s. is awarded to Geraldine Wild, Zareba, St. Ives, Cornwall, whose age is 8½. She has coloured her picture very nicely, and has made Mrs. Mouse look most smartly dressed. A little boy of seven years of age is the winner of the second prize of 2s. 6d., and well he deserves a prize. His name is Lawrie Aggleton, Manor Lodge, Sudbury, Harrow.

Percy Blanchard, who is nine years old, carries off the third prize of 2s. 6d. His address is 142, Tummarsh-lane, Plaistow, Essex. The fourth prize of 2s. 6d. goes to another little boy, whose name is George Dunthorne, 1, Beachy-road, Monier-road, Old Ford. George is twelve years old, and makes the third boy to win a prize this week. Perhaps



The singular-looking objects shown above will, when cut out and properly pasted together, form an animal all children know. For particulars as to what should be done consult the letterpress.

### ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

not an easy matter. A moment later, however, he spoke, with great courtesy, to which was allied no little dignity.

"We have not tried to hide from you, Father Gervase, the mystery that we have been trying to solve for many days. Your question is entirely justifiable, and, of course, you are free to go whenever you like. On the other hand, Miss Swindover, who became my wife on the day of her strange disappearance, was practically mistress of this house when you came, Father, to take up your residence as her spiritual adviser, and I should not like to take it upon myself to advise you to leave the castle, since it is my belief that—Mrs. Dangerville may return any day."

"Under those happy circumstances," said the priest, "I should return with the greatest of pleasure; but I cannot help thinking that it is my duty to leave the castle as there is so much work to do in the world.

Dick regarded him closely, and with strange in-

teness. A thought had leaped unbidden into his brain. What if this man, this placid, suave, and courteous priest, knew something that would lead to the solution of the mystery?

Father Gervase read his thought and smiled. "Pardon me, Mr. Dangerville," he said, "and, if I read your thought aright, let me answer it. Any secret that Mrs. Dangerville had confided to me in the confessional would be inviolate, but I do not think that I do more than my duty when I assure you that there has been no such secret, that the strange mystery of Mrs. Dangerville's disappearance is not, as far as I know, connected in any way with her religion, and that, in her religious life, there was nothing to account for it, or explain it."

"Thank you, Father Gervase," said Dick, slightly embarrassed. "Your reading of my thought was quite correct, but pray do not think that I wish to pry into the secrets of my wife's religion."

"With your permission, Mr. Dangerville, then, I will leave the castle to-morrow."

The priest declined a cigar, but took a chair, and the rest of the evening passed pleasantly between the three men, who were simply men of the world, and barred every personal question.

The next day, Father Gervase took his departure, and, together with the departure of Minna, the Bavarian woman, the particulars of which Dick communicated to the police, the priest's exit directed the young man's thoughts towards the rest of the people who had composed the household of Swindover's daughter.

He found, to his surprise, on making inquiries, that there were three more maids, including Julie, a female secretary, and a male courier, who had always accompanied the millionaire's daughter on her travels, and, through the housekeeper, he gave them the choice of seeking other situations, or remaining at the castle for the time being. They all elected to stay, preferring, apparently, the bread of idleness, which only the priest and Minna had found unpalatable.

The very next day inquiries were set on foot with the object of tracing the movements of Minna, the Bavarian woman, after she left the castle. The search spread itself over weeks, but nothing came of it. She had vanished as completely as her mistress.

And so, in the same uncertain and unsatisfactory state, with a veil of the deepest mystery shrouding the whereabouts of the girl who had become Dick Dangerville's wife only to disappear on her wedding night, nearly two months passed, without further events either to stimulate the searchers or to dispel the gloom that had descended on the young master of Balliol Castle.

Dick had persuaded his father to leave Dangerville Hall, and come and take up his residence at the castle, and, had it not been for occasional stormy visits from the millionaire, neither father nor son would have been reminded of the time when they had been exiled from the house of their fathers and beggars at their own gates.

(To be continued.)

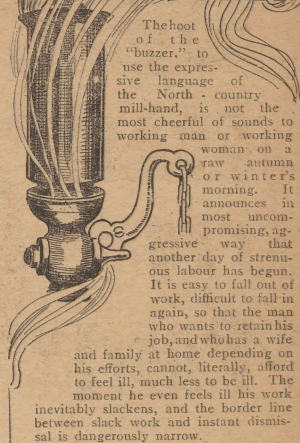
### COMMENCE TO-DAY—

"EAST END—WEST END"

POWERFUL NEW SERIAL  
in the

'EVENING NEWS.'

## THE WHISTLE OF INDUSTRY



The hoot of the "buzzer," to use the expressive language of the North, is very mill-hand, is not the most cheerful of sounds to working man or working woman on a raw autumn morning. It announces in most unpromising, aggressive way that another day of strenuous labour has begun. It is easy to fall out of work, difficult to fall in again, so that the man who wants to retain his job, and who has a wife and family at home depending on his efforts, cannot, literally, afford to feel ill, much less to be ill. The moment he even feels ill his work inevitably slackens, and the border line between slack work and instant dismissal is dangerously narrow.

Even the exceptional few, who, despite ill-health, manage somehow, by unnatural effort, to hold on, sooner or later inevitably pay the penalty for thus defying Nature. Old men and old women before their time, they serve to crowd the wards of our hospitals and work-house infirmaries, useless to the world and to themselves.

The preservation of health depends very largely upon good food and drink. Good food and drink nourish the body, restoring to it the energy and vitality which toil has taken away. Good food and drink at regular hours breed the hardy centenarians of whom we often read with admiration in the newspapers.

#### START THE DAY WELL.

"Well begun is half done," says the old proverb. Before you go to your work take out an insurance policy against the exhaustion of the day's toil. The best insurance policy you can have is to drink with your first meal a cup of

#### CADBURY'S COCOA.

##### END THE DAY WISELY.

It is evening when the "buzzer" hoots again—a prolonged, wide-echoing hoot. It would be pleasing to think that its evening note, announcing the end of the day's toil, sounds more pleasant, more human, than the vindictive early-morning screech. But, to tell the truth, the voice of the "buzzer" is persistently harsh and ugly, irrespective of times and seasons.

Nevertheless, though never itself a thing of joy, it is, at evening, an occasion of joy. For now it gives the signal for the Carnival of Labour to begin. Wary, toil-spent, but cheerful, the worker's troop out from mill or fitting-shop or factory into the street. A cup of

#### CADBURY'S COCOA

is now "just what is wanted." Pleasant to the taste, refreshing to the lips, a marvellous repairer of energy, it feeds the nerves while it quenches thirst.

There are Other Cocos.

Cadbury's is THE Cocoa



See Page 2.

"A Factory  
in a Garden."







# WHERE CADBURY'S COCOA IS MADE

Messrs. Cadbury, who started the world-famous business half a century ago, said:—

"Our factory shall be a thing of beauty as well as a thing of use."

Instead of marring their valley with grim walls and cinder-heaps and stagnant pools, they turned to landscape-gardening, and blended warehouses and shops with plantations and trim lawns and bright flower-beds, till the whole suggests a nobleman's country house rather than a factory.

Everything unlovely is hidden. There is scarcely a brick wall that is not covered with greenery, scarcely a warehouse door that is not bowered in roses. Even the railway sidings are made beautiful. They are planted on either side with trees and shrubs till they look like forest paths.

## AS BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AS OUT.

You would hardly suspect that the place was a factory. And it is as beautiful inside as out. You pass through a little wooden lodge that suggests the entrance to a pleasure garden, stroll up an avenue of trees, and stumble on a long, low building, grown over with creepers and roses, that looks like some old-world country parsonage.

It is really the head offices. A guide, steeped in the lore of cocoa-making, leads you through a world of oak-panelled corridors, clean and dustless as if they were swept by fairy brooms. You pass through suite after suite of lofty rooms, and cleanliness and fresh air are everywhere.

In a great cool shed stand mountain ranges of sacks bulging with cocoa beans—the raw material, cocoa in a state of nature. The beans have travelled from various parts of the world (tropics), some from Trinidad, where Messrs. Cadbury have private plantations on which is grown the finest cocoa. At Bournville the beans are roasted and ground and freed of superfluous matter by special processes. These are trade secrets. In their long experience Messrs. Cadbury have discovered methods of treating the raw cocoa to the best advantage.

Study, capital, untiring industry, have combined

to produce in Cadbury's cocoa and chocolate articles which are not only of the best-tasting cocoa and chocolate in the world, but also of the purest.

When the cocoa has passed through the various special processes referred to it emerges in a rich brown cream, which forms the most perfect of

And both the chocolate and cocoa are healthful stimulants, the use of which is not followed by any reaction. You can live on good chocolate without any other food, as has been proved by actual experience.

To return to Bournville. From the grinding-



The Girls' Recreation Ground during the dinner-hour.

human foods, embodying the maximum of nutrition in the minimum of bulk.

Cocoa is one of the most generous of Nature's boons—that is, when it is properly treated, and not mixed with arrowroot, etc., as is the method of some manufacturers. Providing it is Cadbury's a bar of chocolate is an ideal food. Providing it is Cadbury's, a cup of cocoa is meat and drink.

rooms the chocolate is distributed throughout the various departments of the great factory, where it is made up into the hundred and one different forms in which it figures in the shop windows, from the simple cocoa in the little yellow packets to the elaborate fondants and creams and so forth, dear to our small friends and relatives.

Some of the processes are particularly pretty and

ingenious. Mostly they are carried out by white-robed girls sitting before machines of almost human intelligence. Take the gentle art of making chocolate creams. First a cunning machine stamps the moulds, rows of tiny hollows, from an oblong tray of starch, the size of a bagatelle table. The tray slides beneath a reservoir containing the cream, a lever is pressed, and from a myriad of tiny taps the cream drops exactly into the moulds. When each little sphere of cream has set the trayful is turned out and passed on to another bevy of girls, sitting before little stone-topped tables covered with liquid chocolate. Each girl takes the creams and dips them in the chocolate with a fork till they are properly coated. Then they emerge perfect chocolate creams.

Equally ingenious are the methods by which are turned out the myriads of chocolate fondants, chocolate almonds—every other known variety of chocolate sweetmeat.

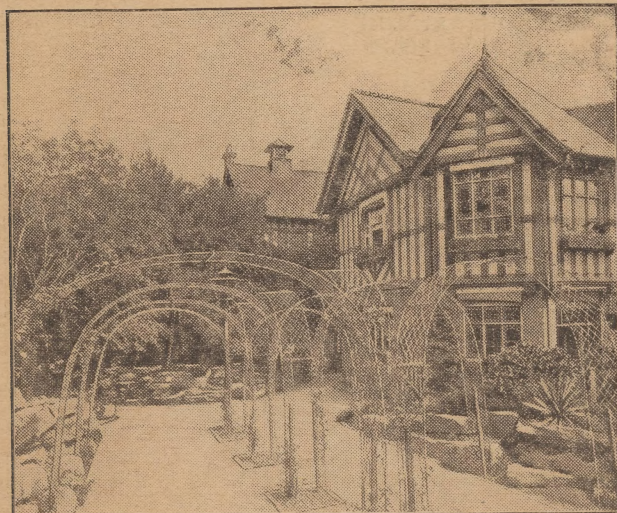
From the little sweetmeats to the huge packing-cases in which the boxes of chocolates and tins of cocoa are packed, everything is done on the premises. Purity and cleanliness are ensured throughout.

## NEVER-ENDING TORRENT OF BOXES.

Loads of timber go into a big, clean sawmill and "come out at the other end" in the form of cases of all sizes. They flow down a huge shoot, a never-ending torrent of boxes, into the packing departments. Files of cardboard, galleries of pretty pictures, and miles of gay ribbons pass into rooms, where machines are clicking and humming, and girls are busy with scissors and paste. The machines stamp the cardboard into boxes, and cover them with glazed paper in a trice. The girls paste the pictures on the lids, deck them with ribbons, and lo, there is a gross of the bright and variegated chocolate boxes ready for sale in the confectioners' windows.

Deft-fingered girls fill the boxes swiftly, but with care and taste. It takes as much taste to fill a chocolate box so that the colours shall harmonise as it does to lay out a flower-bed.

Nothing mediocre or doubtful leaves this most beautiful factory. It is Messrs. Cadbury's pride that they turn out the best chocolate and cocoa wares in the market. They maintain a top up-to-date laboratory, in which a staff of chemists test every item of raw material when it enters the factory and the finished product before it goes out. And the chocolate is produced under the best conditions by clean British workfolk in a factory in a green British valley, fanned by the winds of heaven.



Employees' Entrance to Cadbury's Model Factory.



The Girls' Swimming Bath and portion of Playground.

### WHY NOT?

Have

**Absolutely Pure Cocoa**

It costs you nothing extra  
save remembering to say

**CADBURY'S**

**Cadbury's**  
**COCOA**  
LIQUID FOOD

**ABSOLUTELY  
PURE**

**THEREFORE  
BEST**

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OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE

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OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE